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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

PRECEDENTS OF BARBARISM

It is a common error to assume that the atrocities and horrors of the recent war and present revolution are unique. We recently published an article on the White Terror in France, in 1815, which might be supplemented with equally harrowing tales of the Commune more than a half century later. This week we give our readers a suggestion of some of the historical precedents for the wave of barbarism which has swept over Russia. This article was evidently written while its author was still shaken by atrocities perpetrated by both sides during Denikin's advance and his retreat.

An Italian correspondent, describing conditions in Odessa shortly before the evacuation, writes:

On February 5th the Bolsheviks were already within gunshot of Odessa and we were over-run with fugitives bringing tales of horrible atrocities. Officers of the volunteer army who were captured by the Soviet forces were barbarously tortured. The Chinese soldiers actually nailed the decorations which these officers wore to their bodies, 'to keep them in place,' as they said. They forced officers to hold their hands under a spout of boiling water until the flesh was literally cooked from the bones.

A LATE WORD FROM GORKY

BERTRAND RUSSELL, whose impressions of Bolshevik Russia we re-

printed in our issue of August 14, continues the account of his experiences in that country in a later issue of the *London Nation*. Summarizing the effect of that visit upon his own opinions, he says:

I went to Russia believing myself a Communist; but contact with those who have no doubts has intensified a thousandfold my own doubts, not only of Communism but of every creed so firmly held that for its sake men are willing to inflict widespread misery.

His article closes with the following description of his interview with Maxim Gorky, whom he saw at Petrograd:

He was in bed, apparently dying and obviously heartbroken. He begged me, in anything I might say about Russia, always to emphasize what Russia has suffered. He supports the government — as I should do, if I were a Russian — not because he thinks it faultless, but because the possible alternatives are worse. One felt in him a love of the Russian people which makes their present martyrdom almost unbearable, and prevents the fanatical faith by which the pure Marxians are upheld. I felt him the most lovable, and to me the most sympathetic, of all the Russians I saw. I wished for more knowledge of his outlook, but he spoke with difficulty and was constantly interrupted by terrible fits of coughing, so I could not stay. All the intellectuals whom I met — a class who have suffered terribly — expressed their gratitude to him for what he has done on their behalf. The materialistic conception of history is all very

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well, but some care for the higher things of civilization is a relief. The Bolsheviks are sometimes said to have done great things for art, but I could not discover that they had done more than preserve something of what existed before. When I questioned one of them on the subject, he grew impatient, and said: 'We have n't time for a new art, any more than for a new religion.' Unavoidably, the atmosphere is one in which art cannot flourish, because art is anarchic and resistant to organization. Gorky has done all that one man could do to preserve the intellectual and artistic life of Russia. But he is dying, and perhaps too.

COMMERCIAL CONTROL OF THE DANUBE

THE struggle between France and England for economic control of the Danube Valley has recently been made prominent by the action of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the French Senate, recommending that the exchange of treaty ratification with Austria be postponed until the indemnity question has been settled. This is said to signify an intention on the part of the French government indirectly to acquire control of the Austrian railway system. French capitalists are reported to have already negotiated for a lease of the Hungarian government railways. England was first in the field and has acquired a practical monopoly of the Danube River lines. The Vienna authorities are resisting the French demands on the ground that state property should be reserved as security for the obligations of Austria to all creditor nations without giving preference to any one of them. Until this question is settled the urgently needed reconstruction of the railways must be postponed.

POLAND AND CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

POLAND's controversy with Czecho-Slovakia over Teschen involves historical, economic, and geographical arguments. Historically the district belongs to Bohemia: its coal is urgently needed by Poland. According to the

latest statistics, 54 per cent of the population is Polish; 28 per cent Czechs, and 18 per cent German. However, about one-third of the Poles are 'Slonzaks,' who speak a Polish-Czech dialect, but for the most part prefer Czech rule. The Germans are also expected to vote in favor of Czecho-Slovakia. At first the Poles were ardent advocates of submitting the political future of this country to a popular vote but they are said now to regret that action.

Another point of controversy between the two countries is their different policy toward Russia. President Masaryk and his cabinet have consistently advocated a neutral and peaceful attitude toward Russia, believing that Bolshevism is only strengthened by military pressure from without, but that it will be overthrown or undergo a speedy transformation as soon as normal relations are restored between Russia and the outer world.

THE HUNGARIAN SITUATION

THE demands of the Trade Union Alliance, which is conducting the boycott against Hungary, are reported by its Brussels headquarters to be as follows:

1. Reestablishment of the dissolved labor unions.
2. Complete liberty for local trade unions to resume their activities and the restoration of their property, which the government has confiscated.
3. Permission for refugee Social Democrats in Vienna who are charged with no crime, to return to their homes in Hungary; those who are charged with penal offenses to be tried before regular tribunals and by regular process of law.
4. Internment to cease.
5. Liberation of political prisoners.
6. Abolition of summary court procedure.

Meantime a new Cabinet, headed by Count Paul Teleki, has been formed at Budapest. The new Premier is forty-one years old, a son of the former Minister of the Interior. During the earlier part of his life he was better

known as a student and scientist than as a politician, and he has published a number of valuable monographs upon geography. He is president of the Hungarian Geographical Society. As a member of the House of Delegates he belonged to the Andrassy-Tisza group, of which he was one of the more progressive members. Indeed he is said to have been closely associated even before the war with a movement among young Hungarians to favor democratic reforms in the government.

SOKOL FESTIVAL AT PRAGUE

PRAGUE was recently the scene of a great 'Sokol' reunion, where 12,000 young women and 16,000 young men, members of the National Athletic Societies, gathered from the Czech districts of the country to engage in gymnastic exhibitions and exercises. In addition some 16,000 young people between 14 and 18 years of age took part in the ceremonies. The Sokols admit no members below the latter age limit.

The first Sokol Union was founded in Prague in 1862, and the association now numbers 2000 Unions and more than 300,000 adult members. It has branches in America, which sent representatives to the great Prague meeting. Describing some of the evolutions a Swiss correspondent says:

The first impression was an enduring one. Nothing could exceed it. At a trumpet signal from the tribune the members in the seemingly unending ranks below extended their arms until they seemed like a vast fan covering the white field. There they stood motionless in perfectly straight lines. A second signal, and 24,000 pairs of hands came together at a single stroke. The throng of spectators applauded, for the absolute precision of these manoeuvres was indeed imposing. Then the music began. All the exercises had a symbolic meaning. The former subjugation of the country was represented by kneeling with bowed head and arms held as if in fetters. Then the arms were violently thrown asunder, as if in struggle, and finally raised on high to

represent liberation. These thousands and thousands of men and women were inspired by a single spirit — absolutely self-forgetful devotion to their country.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY

On the 4th of June, Chicherin, the Soviet Commissioner of Foreign Affairs, outlined in a memorandum to Mustapha Kamel, the Turkish Nationalist leader, the principles which would govern the relations between Russia and its southern neighbor. They are in substance as follows: Turkish independence; Turkish rule to cover all territories with an unquestionable Turkish population; independence of Arabia and Syria; a popular vote to be taken by the inhabitants of Armenia, Kurdistan, Batum, Eastern Thrace and districts with the mixed Turkish and Arabian population to determine the future political allegiance of these regions; refugees and exiles from these districts to have the right to vote; protection of national minorities in all territory under Turkish rule; control of the Dardanelles to rest with a commission representing the states having territory bordering on the Black Sea; abolition of the capitulations; abolition of all foreign spheres of influence; common action between Soviet Russia and the Turkish National Assembly to defend their territories against imperialist aggression by other governments; establishing diplomatic and consular relations between Turkey and Armenia.

ARGENTINE TO CUT FOOD PRICES

AFTER two weeks of violent debate both in the press and in congress, the Argentine government has adopted a law levying an export tax of four dollars upon every hundred kilograms of wheat, and five dollars upon every hundred kilograms of flour exported. A tax of twenty per cent *ad valorem* is laid upon all food products containing

wheat or flour exported. The same law authorizes the compulsory purchase by the government, at current market rates, of grain and flour whenever the price of bread becomes excessive, and selling bread and flour to the people at reduced prices. The proceeds of the tax mentioned above are appropriated to cover the losses of the government in such an operation.

POLITICAL UNION IN RUSSIA

L'HUMANITÉ publishes a series of quotations from letters, resolutions, and documents received from Russia, indicating that all parties in that country rallied to the support of the Bolsheviks at the time of the Polish invasion. A committee of old Imperialist officers was organized as a more or less permanent military council to assist in national defense. Martov and the executive committee of the Social Democratic party or Mensheviks resolved that they 'should use all their resources and devote all their efforts regardless of their political differences with the Soviet government and its policy to insure a complete victory at the earliest possible moment over the Poles.' The Federalists, the Social Revolutionaries of the Right, and the Mensheviks as a party, also joined in resolutions to the same effect. The Soviet army is not composed exclusively of Russians but includes detachments of Polish Communists.

PRESS SUBSIDIES IN PARIS

THE same journal features certain revelations — which, however, are a matter of common knowledge in the newspaper world — regarding the subsidies paid French newspapers by the Turkish government before the war. One dispenser of that government's bounty, whose accounts have come into possession of *L'Humanité* and are published in detail, paid to some forty-

six dailies including such prominent ones as *Le Temps*, *Matin*, and *Figaro*, in the aggregate 2,107,500 francs. In addition money was distributed to the press by other Turkish agents. The purpose is stated to have been to promote the sale of Turkish bonds to the French public — bonds, the proceeds of which were presumably employed in arming Turkey to help Germany.

A RUSSIAN NAPOLEON?

A RECENT issue of the London *Observer* describes a promising commander of the Russian army, a young man named Tomchechevski, only twenty-seven years of age, as a remarkably brilliant strategist who may prove to be the Napoleon of the present revolution. He was an army commander among the forces which defeated Kolchak and Denikin, and have now shattered the military strength of Poland. The officers of the former Tsarist régime are united with those of the Soviet administration in their admiration of his strategy. He was formerly a sub-lieutenant in the old army, who spent two years as a war prisoner in Germany, is of noble descent, and is reported to be a Communist. An English interviewer describes him as 'a man of fair height and medium build, with strong clear-cut features, grave expression and a courteous smile. Looking at him one gathers the impression of tremendous self-control and clarity of mind.'

ITALY'S LIBERATED TERRITORIES

CORRIERE DELLA SERA, discussing the political situation in Italy's liberated territories, states that the troubles there are primarily due to unemployment. A hundred thousand men or more who ordinarily emigrated for longer or shorter periods each year — or even permanently — have not been permitted to leave the country. In

order to keep the population contented and to prevent distress, uneconomic and wasteful public works have been started, such as unnecessary bridges and roads, thus exhausting the public treasury with a minimum of material benefit to the liberated territories themselves. In a word, the evils are described as economic rather than political, although unemployment, misemployment, and official incompetence are favoring the spread of Bolshevism.

MINOR NOTES

ACCORDING to various press reports business in Yugoslavia is prospering, although the political conditions continue to be unstable. Prices have fallen from thirty to fifty per cent, while the value of local currency in foreign markets continues to rise. There is great industrial activity, and many new companies have been formed. At one point, Karlowitz, the price of electric current is so low that seventeen new factories are being erected. The construction of new railway lines has begun. The chief enterprise of the latter character is the road making direct connection between Belgrade and Spalato, on the Adriatic.

As a result of a defeat of the French Labor Syndicates in their recent general strike, 2500 dismissed workers are reported to have applied for passports to Russia. At the same time several Swedish machinists and skilled workers in the engineering trade, who emigrated to Russia during the recent

strike in that country, are said to be returning home greatly disillusioned by their experiences in the land of the Soviets.

FROM Vienna comes an account of a series of remarkable experiments conducted upon animals, and more recently extended to human subjects, which it is claimed prove the possibility of prolonging the normal duration of life by at least one fourth, and of correspondingly rejuvenating the persons treated. These experiments have been conducted by Professor Eugene Steinach, a Vienna biologist of standing, and were begun in 1912. They consist essentially of gland operations and the treatment of glands by Roentgen rays, without gland grafting from animals or other human beings.

THE Prussian Bureau of agricultural statistics reports crop prospects in Germany for the present season above the average for both winter and spring wheat, winter and spring barley, oats, potatoes, and sugar beets. Only an average crop of winter rye is expected.

A BILL has been introduced in the Japanese Parliament authorizing the government to take one half of the stock in an Electric Power Company capitalized at \$50,000,000. This is another step forward in the government scheme for the complete electrification of the railways of Japan.

THE GREAT NARCOSIS

BY IVAN BUNIN

[NOTE: This article appeared originally in the *Yuzhnoye Slovo* (The Southern Word), a newspaper published in Odessa before its last capture by the Bolsheviks. The author of the article, Ivan Bunin, is one of the greatest living Russian short-story writers and poets. In his literary activities, Bunin is a lyricist of the most exquisite sensibilities, a singer of the beautiful. The crushing bitterness of this article is entirely out of keeping with Bunin's literary work: it is a most tragic commentary on the effects of Bolshevism upon the intellectual life of Russia.]

ON May first of the past year, there appeared in Moscow in the so-called Soviet Russia, which had, by that time, reached the zenith of its glory, a book intended to crown that glory — the first number of the *Communist International*. On the cover of the book is the usual gaudy picture, the terrestrial globe with iron chains all around it, and a figure of a workman with an uplifted hammer. The workman, of course, is naked, wearing only a leather apron, and his muscles are those of a Hercules. And in the text of the book itself, one may read among other things the declaration of Maxim Gorky to the 'proletariat of the world,' that Russia 'is now performing her great, planetary deed.' And by the side of this shockingly shameless declaration one may find the following lines that are heartrending in their cynic crudity:

'The tsars and the priests, the former masters of the Kremlin, never dreamt that in its gray walls would gather the representatives of the most revolutionary part of modern mankind. And yet it has come to pass. The mole of history has dug well under the Kremlin wall.'

These lines were written by one of the chief representatives of the 'Work-

man-Peasant' government, which now reigns in the Kremlin. Good Lord, what farce of a government it is! What an unimaginable absurdity! What a peal of mocking and sneering laughter over narcotized Russia that has sold her soul to the devil! These lines were written by Trotsky, and they have a ring of overwhelming confidence. Yet Trotsky is right only in one thing. The blind and vengeful beast, crafty and sharp-clawed, has indeed dug well under the walls of the Kremlin, the ground under which is still so soft. But in the rest Trotsky is mistaken. The old masters of the Kremlin, its legitimate owners, its parents and its children, the builders and the upholders of the Russian land, would have turned in their graves if they could have heard Trotsky's words, and if they could have known what he and his followers have done to Russia. Inexpressible would be their pain and their agony at the sight of what is taking place in the walls of the Kremlin and outside of them, where, according to the merry expression of one of the modern Moscow poets,

Blood, blood gushes forth,
As water in a bathhouse
Out of an overturned bucket.

Unimagined horror would have seized those 'tsars and priests' at the sight of the gigantic and bloody hurly-burly into which Russia has been transformed. And yet, it seems to me that they could and should have foreseen the manifold new misfortunes and disgraces which might and would overtake again their unfortunate land. They knew and they remembered the fearful recurring periods of civil dissension when, in the words of a chronicler who might have been speaking of our own days, 'the earth was sown with seeds of internal discords and fattened by their fruit'; when 'the voices of those tilling the soil were heard but seldom, but the ravens croaked all over the land, dividing the corpses among them; for one brother said to another "This is mine, and this is mine, also," while pagan outsiders fell upon them from all sides, winning victories over them, and Kieff and Chernigoff groaned under the invader's yoke.'

'The tsars and the priests' could foresee much, knowing and remembering their people's changing hearts and unstable minds, their tearfulness and their cruelty; the country's illimitable steppes, impassable forests, endless marches, historic destinies; and its neighbors, 'so greedy, crafty, and merciless,' its youthful immaturity before those neighbors, its backwardness, and its fatal peculiarity of always moving forward in circles. They knew all that made Ivan the Terrible once exclaim: 'I am a beast, but I reign over beasts.' They knew that all these things have changed but little down to our day, and really could not change overnight in our steppes and forests and bogs, or during that short period of time during which the Russian people have been a conscious nation.

The tsars and the priests! But did

we foresee what was bound to happen? And what has come to pass is really that Russian rebellion, 'cruel and senseless,' which Pushkin foretold and about which we only now begin to think. What has come to pass is merely what has happened before. And yet many are even now confused by that vulgar and absurd word, 'Bolshevism,' and believe that something unprecedented has taken place, something that has no example in the past. They feel that it is something that is connected with the changing psychology of the race, with the evolution of that European proletariat which speaks of bringing into the world a new and beautiful religion of the highest humanitarian ideals, and at the same time demands that we witness without protest the filthiest and cruellest crimes of history, occurring in the Christian Europe of the twentieth century.

History repeats itself, but nowhere, it seems, does it repeat itself as it does with us. And its very elementals afford us so slight a foundation for future hope! Moreover, we have forgotten even those elementals.

A peasant from Orel said to me two years ago:

'We cannot allow ourselves freedom. Take me, for instance. I am good and kind until I start going. And then I become the first murderer, the first thief, the first drunkard around.'

But what is this if not the first page of our national history? Do you remember how it reads? 'Our land is great and plentiful, but there is no order in it. Drag us apart or we shall cut each other's throats. Bring peace into our midst, for we are too cruel in spite of our good nature. Lead us into the shafts of the plow and force us to draw the furrows, otherwise our land, which is the richest in the world, will become overgrown with weeds. For

we are temperamentally indolent, despite our physical capacity for work. In short, come and rule us. Everything in us is unstable and unorganized. We are greedy and extravagant, capable of the most beautiful and the highest, and yet of the lowest and the meanest. We are possessed of a diabolic mistrust and yet, by means of the most flimsy lies we can be led into any trap with marvelous ease.'

That is our beginning, and what follows it? To illustrate the next step, take the famous robber, Vaska Buslayev, who when an old man, bitterly repents his crimes and weeps because during his youth he murdered and robbed. Then we have the 'great Russian revolutions' the eternal struggles among principalities before Moscow became supreme, the endless internal troubles in Moscow itself, the false leaders and pretenders to the throne, recruited from the lowest ranks, before whom we first grovelled on our knees to frenzied shouts of joy and the pealing of the bells, and later in equal frenzy mocked and sneered over their mutilated bodies. Then the numberless massacres in the Ukraine, the bloody tyrant Razin who was literally worshipped by whole generations of the *Intelligentsia*, which waited so eagerly for his second coming; for the blessed time when 'the people shall awake.' And so through our whole history. The swinging of minds and hearts from side to side, self-looting, self-annihilation, thefts and fires and murders, the floods that flowed from the destroyed taverns, in whose fiery fluid madmen were literally drowned at times; and on the following day attacks of sentimentalism, tears and contrite repentance before holy relics, and parades in front of the Red Steps of the Kremlin bearing the bloody heads of decapitated false tsars and false atamans. Remember, remember

all this, oh you, 'the most advanced of revolutionary mankind,' now so strongly entrenched in the Kremlin!

I have just lived through what took place yesterday and is taking place to-day in the Ukraine, in that cradle of the Slav soul, and involuntarily I recall the story of Khmelnitsky and his followers. Read again your history.

'The serfs gathered in bands and destroyed the homes of the rich and the poor, razed whole villages to the ground, robbed and burned and murdered and mocked the dead and tore the skin from the backs of their victims, sawed them into halves and quarters, roasted them on coals, threw hot water over them, and were cruellest in their treatment of the Jews. They danced and drank on their holy books, they tore the intestines out of small children and showing them to their parents, asked with laughter, "Is this kosher or not?"'

This is what happened. And Khmelnitsky himself 'fasted and prayed at one time, and drank without stop at another. At times he sobbed, kneeling before a holy image, and sang songs of his own composition. At times, he was tearful and mild, and then suddenly became wild and haughty.'

And how many times did he change his 'orientations'! How many times did he violate his oaths taken on the cross! How many times did he change his allies and his friends!

And remember Yemelka Pugachob and Stenka Razin, whose rebellions we at last begin to compare with what is taking place to-day, and still do not dare to draw the obvious conclusions. Read again what you read in your history perhaps inattentively at the time: 'Stenka's rebellion caught the whole of Russia like wildfire. Everything pagan rose up.'

Yes, let Trotsky and Gorky stop boasting about their Red Bashkiria.

This 'planetary deed' was done already, long before the 'Third International.'

The Zyrians, the Mordvians, the Chuvaski, the Cheremisi, the Bashkirs rose with Stenka and burned and murdered everything in sight, without knowing what they were fighting for. All over the Moscow realm and even to the shores of the White Sea, Stenka's letters were circulated and in them he declared that he 'came to destroy all the Boyars, the nobles, and the officials, to sweep away all authority, and to establish equality for all.' All the cities which were captured by Stenka were given to the mercy of his Cossacks. The property of each city was divided among Stenka's 'warriors,' and he himself was drunk every day. Everyone who had the misfortune of displeasing him was doomed to death. Some were cut to pieces, some were drowned, Stenka himself was a 'self-willed and changing man, now sombre and cruel, now easily excitable, now humble and contrite, ready to make a pilgrimage to the uttermost monasteries, now rejecting the mysteries of the church, mocking religion, murdering priests. Cruel and bloodthirsty, he came to hate laws, society, and reli-

gion and everything that stood in the way of personal desires. Mercy, honor, humanity were unknown to him. His whole being was imbued with vengeance and envy.'

'And his whole army consisted of fugitive thieves and vagabonds, of all that riff-raff which called itself Cossacks, but was not recognized as Cossacks by the people of the Don. Stenka caught this mob into his net by promising them complete freedom and complete equality, but in reality he enslaved them all. The slightest disobedience was punishable by the cruellest death. He called them all brothers, and yet forced them to crawl on their knees before him.'

Good Lord! what an amazing similarity there is between this description and what is taking place now in the name of the Third International! Although, of course, Stenka's authority was a thousand times more natural than the present 'Workman-Peasant' authority, that most unnatural and most absurd 'absurdity' of Russia's history; although, of course, that 'government' of Stenka Razin was a hundred times better than the 'Workman-Peasant' government which reigns in the Kremlin!

[*Revue Bleue* (French Literary Nationalist Bi-Monthly,) July 3]
AMERICA'S CONSTITUTIONAL CONFLICT

BY EDMOND LASKINE

THE great political battle about to be fought in the United States, apparently upon the issue of the treaty and in particular of the League of Nations Covenant, is not solely, or even mainly, a conflict over foreign policies. The issue is first and foremost over an important constitutional controversy between the representative branch of the government and the president of the republic. The political system which has been defined as 'presidential democracy,' and which, as we all know, has been vigorously advocated in France by several leagues and associations, is being put to the test.

The crisis over the treaty of peace in Washington is the crisis of a political system. That system consists in guaranteeing the greatest possible independence to the executive branch of the government, and rendering it responsible in the person of its chief solely to the nation at large; and in making of cabinet ministers simple secretaries, selected by the President without consulting the representative branch of the government, and answerable to him personally and not to Congress. The existing crisis in America is due solely to the inherent defects in such a system. It is a system diametrically opposed to a parliamentary government, which exempts the head of the state from all responsibility, but makes cabinet officers, usually chosen from among the elected representatives, responsible to the legislative body. We now see this American system creating

a crisis which has caused a dangerous situation at home and indirectly in the world at large.

Partisans of parliamentary government, who have never disputed the fact that such a government had its faults, but who have defended that system against the violent criticism of advocates of popular referenda, and more recently of other reforming 'organizers of democracy,' have always maintained that by granting such excessive powers to the executive the state ran the risk of inviting insoluble conflicts between the President and Congress. Events have emphasized and confirmed that opinion. In a letter to the *Times* upon the League of Nations, which has aroused wide attention, Lord Grey comments that the American system renders such conflicts not only possible but inevitable.

Before indulging ourselves in sarcasm regarding President Wilson, or in invectives upon his adversaries, it is better to inquire whether their differences of opinion are not based upon the institutions of the United States. Let us first remark that this is not the first time that the President and Congress have been at sword's points. Conflicts between the White House and the House of Representatives or Senate have not been rare, and it would take us too long to mention them in detail. But on more than one occasion they have assumed a character of such acuteness and violence that the government seemed to consist of two enemies arrayed against each other,

rather than of two complementary authorities. This was the case in 1833 when Andrew Jackson, a Democratic President, against the express wish of Congress, attacked the National Bank, withdrew government deposits from its vaults, and refused to extend its charter.

A similar conflict occurred in 1867 which was still more dramatic. That year Congress enacted the Tenure of Office Law, which deprived the President of the right of dismissing officials without the consent of the Senate. President Andrew Johnson vetoed this bill, and the following August dismissed Stanton, the Secretary of War, in order to appoint Grant in his place. Stanton, supported by the Senate, refused to surrender his office in the War Department to Grant, or to the successor of Grant whom the President later appointed. Congress thereupon tried to impeach the President. The trial ended in May, 1868. A large majority voted in favor of impeachment, but the two thirds vote required by the Constitution could not be obtained. The President continued in office, and only then did Secretary Stanton surrender his post.

In many respects the present situation resembles that of 1867. A political and constitutional dispute between the President and the Senate has arisen. In this dispute — and this is what gives the incident its educational value — each of the parties has confined itself rigorously within the rights and duties conferred upon it by the Constitution.

On one hand President Wilson has acted clearly within his authority, but is now condemned — and, paradoxical as it may seem, by partisans of an independent executive and admirers of the American Constitution — for having considered himself throughout the peace negotiations, the sole represen-

tative of the American nation. It is true that President Wilson has frequently used expressions which might indicate that he considered himself an incarnation of the entire people. In his address of March, 1919, in the Metropolitan Opera at New York, he said: 'It is unnecessary to tell me that the people of the United States will support this covenant. I am an American, and I know that the Americans will support it. I do not need to be told what is American, and above all I do not need to be told what the sentiment of the American people is. I advise these gentlemen (of the Senate) to get in touch with their fellow-citizens.'

This is lofty language, which we Frenchmen felt could be spoken only by an autocrat by the grace of God, or by a dictator; but it is language quite natural in the mouth of the first magistrate of the United States, who is not elected by Congress but by the direct vote of the people.

President Wilson has been criticized for failing to pay regard to the opinion of the nation, as manifested during the progress of the peace negotiations, and particularly to the Republican opposition in the Senate. But this was his right, and perhaps his duty in his own eyes; since constitutionally he alone was entrusted with conducting the diplomatic negotiations of the republic, without the intervention of Congress.

President Wilson has also been criticized for having surrounded himself at Paris with men of his personal choice, asking the advice and counsel of no senator or other eminent man of the Republican party. But he certainly believed that the Senate was not entitled to conduct negotiations with foreign powers, and that the President would have impaired the integrity of the Constitution, which he

had sworn to respect and enforce, in asking the legislative branch of the government to participate in a task, and to share in a responsibility, which the Constitution of the United States rigorously reserves for the executive.

Again, the President is condemned for his autocratic manner, and in particular for the brutal way in which he dismissed Secretary Lansing. But people forget that the President of the United States is in no way obligated to take the advice of his cabinet officers, and that the latter are merely executive agents who can be dismissed without formality and without giving reasons. They are responsible merely to the President, and consequently it is a matter of little importance whether or not a cabinet officer is in agreement with the Senate or the House of Representatives, providing he is not at the same time in accord with the President whose instrument he is.

Still again, much is made of the fact that the election of November, 1918, returned Republican majorities to both houses, and that consequently a majority of the people expressed themselves as opposed to the Democratic party of which Mr. Wilson is the head. It is asserted that the President, having been repudiated by the nation, should have deferred to the Senate, which now had forty-nine Republican and only forty-seven Democratic members, and to the House of Representatives, which had two hundred and thirty-eight Republican and only one hundred and ninety-three Democratic members.

Now it is quite true that in a parliamentary government such a change of majority in the two houses would have automatically put the cabinet out of power, and a Republican ministry would have been organized by the head of the new majority, with the result

that the foreign policy of the government would have radically changed. But the Constitution of the United States, then so much admired by our reformers, makes the executive practically independent of the legislature. It thus assures a certain stability in the policy of the government which is sadly lacking at times in our own country, where cabinets are the foot balls of unstable parliamentary majorities. The American system permits, we might say commands, the head of the executive branch, who is chosen directly by the people and responsible solely to the people, to follow during his term of office whatever course he believes best, without concerning himself with intervening elections or political intrigues.

Certainly the fathers of the American Constitution wished to reserve for the President the right to negotiate treaties. They did this, because, as John Jay writes in the *Federalist*: 'such negotiations usually require profound secrecy and assiduous application. There are times when it is necessary to guarantee people who are in a position to give valuable information absolute security that their names will not be revealed. It is certain that such persons will have confidence in the discretion of the President, but not in that of the Senate, and still less in that of a numerous popular assembly.' On the other hand, the men who made the Constitution of the United States believed that the essential function of a legislature is to make laws. This function does not include making treaties; for treaties are contracts with foreign governments, arrangements made between sovereigns, and are not laws, which are rules dictated by a sovereign to his subjects.

Therefore, it is certain that the spirit of the Constitution gives the President exclusive authority in dip-

lomatic negotiations and in the conduct of foreign affairs.

Of course, the time comes when the President, who is the sole executive negotiator of treaties, must submit his work to the Senate and obtain the ratification of this body, not only by a majority vote but by the approval of two thirds of its numbers. In performing this function the Senate does not act as a legislative body but as a grand council of state.

At this point conflicts are made possible, and indeed are likely to arise; for the Senate finds itself in the presence of a treaty with which it is entirely unfamiliar, and upon which it is called upon to pass judgment. This is precisely the situation which exists now at Washington, and it is a curious fact that President Wilson, twenty years before the present conflict, defined in his writings upon the Constitution the very policy and tactics he is now pursuing.

This democrat, who has been so extolled in France by the adversaries of political autocracy and secret diplomacy, has never held the wisdom of the popular representatives of the nation in high esteem. In a curious work of his upon Congressional government, he vigorously accuses the Senate of blocking the path of the executive, putting every obstacle in the way of ratification of treaties, and thus compromising the success of valuable measures of foreign policy. He goes as far as to designate this as 'the treaty-marring power of the Senate.'

His remedy for this difficulty in both theory and practice has been to face the Senate with an accomplished fact. In the work which we have just quoted, he says that the only means which the President has to compel the approval of the Senate is his power of initiative in diplomatic negotiations. This initiative may involve the country in

such difficulties — obligate it so seriously in the eyes of the world to pursue a prescribed policy — that the Senate will be deterred by regard for national honor from refusing to ratify what may be the hasty or even imprudent promises of the President.

What a strange coincidence!

President Wilson is so bound up in this idea, that in his little book upon the Presidency of the United States, of which he published a new edition in 1916, he says again that one of the most important powers of the President is his exclusive control of the foreign relations of the government. The initiative which he possesses in matters of foreign policy, without any restrictions whatever, give him practically supreme power over them. Although the President cannot make a treaty with a foreign nation without the consent of the Senate, he does control every step of the diplomatic negotiations; he directs their course and determines what treaties shall be made in order to maintain the credit and prestige of the government. He is not compelled to make public any phase in these negotiations until they have been completed, and when they are thus completed in such a way as to involve an issue of supreme importance the government is virtually obligated to observe them, whatever repugnance the Senate may feel to consenting to that obligation.

So far we have discussed merely the powers and prerogatives of the President, and we may have created the impression that the methods used by President Wilson are not only entirely justified, but that the opposition and obstruction of his adversaries are to be condemned. Let us hasten to say that this is by no means the case. While the President has not gone beyond his legal and constitutional rights, the Senate like-

wise is clearly within its rights in controlling and modifying treaties signed by the President.

Now the striking thing in the criticisms leveled against Mr. Wilson by dissenting Democratic senators is the very great stress they lay upon the constitutional aspect of the question. Together with their objections to particular territorial settlements, or to the number of votes accorded to the British Empire in the League of Nations, or to the omission of all reference to the freedom of the seas, the senators opposing the treaty are endeavoring to prevent the impairment of America's national rights and sovereignty by the powers granted by the Covenant to the League of Nations, and they are determined that the authority of the American people to govern themselves absolutely and without qualifications shall not be lessened.

They fear that in virtue of a mandate of the League of Nations, the President of the United States, already entrusted with such formidable powers by the Constitution itself, might enter into engagements against the will of the people, which would commit the nation to a war for objects in which it had no direct interest or which were repugnant to the national conscience. They consider, in view of the fact that the President of the republic already possesses greater powers than any constitutional monarch in Europe, that the only guaranty of its sovereignty which the nation possesses, and the only guaranty that it will retain its self-direction in matters of foreign policy, is the control over treaties now exercised by the Senate. For, as we know, the House of Representatives has no right to intervene in any way in the drafting or approval of such engagements.

It is easily understood, therefore, why the senators should jealously

safeguard not only their present right to criticize, amend, and reject treaties, of whose terms they are kept in complete ignorance until they have been signed by the President, but also should reserve for themselves and their successors the same authority over the decisions of any President who might believe that he was invested with super-national powers by a superior mandate of the League of Nations.

On April 1, 1919, one of the most bitter opponents of the Covenant, Senator Borah, said in a public meeting that the President had by design joined the League Covenant and the Peace Treaty, in order to compel America to swallow them both together. He asserted that the League Covenant was really designed to create an autocracy unprecedented in history, that the citizens would have no control whatever over their representatives, and that in practice people of every democracy would thus sacrifice their own right of self-determination. He declared that the Covenant was a supreme negation of the very ideal of liberty, to safeguard which the American people had entered the war.

In January, 1919, Senator Johnson of California, after having protested against the autocratic tendencies of President Wilson, exclaimed in the Senate: 'Bring home our American soldiers! Make safe first our own democracy! Assert again our right to manage our own affairs! Let us get our American business back to normal! Let America again become American!'

Again, in an important speech in the Senate on June 17, 1919, which constituted the real opening of the debate on the ratification of the Peace Treaty, Senator Knox of Pennsylvania, former attorney-general and a very eminent jurist, emphasized the fact that the controversy between the President and the Senate was not

merely over a question of foreign policy, but was in a still higher degree over the rights of the Senate and the future of American democracy. He insisted that the League of Nations involved a radical modification in the system of government of the United States.

Our readers may now comprehend why the controversy over the treaty of peace in the United States is first and foremost a constitutional controversy, and the inevitable result of certain features of the American Constitution.

The organic law of the United States prescribes a strict separation of the powers of government. The President of the United States, elected by the whole people and not by the legislature, was not expected to be accountable for his policies to any other authority than the nation at large. It was provided, and we know that this is an idea which has appealed strongly to political theorists in France, that cabinet ministers should be responsible exclusively to the President, and that members of Congress should not be eligible to such appointments.

Thus the Constitution of the United States fails to insure that constant har-

mony between the executive head of the state and the elected representatives of the nation, which is the essence of parliamentary government. By omitting this it invites acute and unsolvable conflicts. It has ranged two competing powers against each other, which are inevitably rivals; whose attitude toward each other is sure to be one of opposition, since no means are provided for forcing the executive to yield to the legislature, so that the President is entirely within his rights in ignoring completely the wishes of the latter body. On the other hand, Congress is equally within its rights in refusing to defer to the desires and intentions of the executive.

On many occasions in the history of the United States 'presidential democracy,' as contrasted with our parliamentary system, has caused political crises in which we were concerned, and indirectly were the innocent victims. The same system has been adopted by the South American republics, where it has resulted in a succession of revolutions and insurrections; for the only way in which an acute conflict between President and Congress can be settled is to appeal to the people, or to the army, or to both.

POLAND IN EUROPEAN EYES

[*L'Opinion* (French Nationalist Literary Weekly), July 24]

1. *Poland's Error*

BY CHARLES RIVET

POLAND's military position is as bad as its defective political organization, its improvised tripartite army, and its
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economic chaos might lead us to expect. Bravery alone is not enough. Even though Pilsudski and his aids may ultimately stem the on-rushing tide of Bolshevism, they will have attained but an ephemeral success. The real salvation of the country lies in another direction.

It lies elsewhere because Poland's

political situation is more disturbing than its military peril. Its political policies will not be influenced by material assistance from the Allies, and the dangers those policies are creating cannot be obviated by our efforts. Poland has been the artisan of its disastrous past and present. It alone must be the artisan of its future. The nation has a taste for suicide, which cannon, munitions, and reinforcements from Paris or London cannot cure. The only remedy is a much clearer understanding than we have in France of the rôle which Poland must play in the Europe we all desire to pacify, and particularly its rôle toward us, toward Russia, and toward Germany.

Before acquiring fixed frontiers on the West, adjoining the German empire, which are of primary importance for Poland, and which, indeed, condition its very existence, the country has hurled itself headlong against the barb-wired entrenchments of the Bolsheviks under the pretext of championing civilization and saving the continent from the hydra of revolution.

Our political wiseacres characterize the danger there as 'a conflagration.' It gives us deep regret and pain to be forced to tell them that they are simply seeing a mirage of the Russian Steppes. The time has come when the facts and reason of the situation entitle and obligate every sincere friend of Poland to reprove rather than to pity the men who have voluntarily staked the future of their country in an adventure which may be its ruin.

Poland is said to have merely defended itself against attack. This apology comes from men who would indict the rulers at Moscow for every crime. However, the Bolsheviks have enough real crimes to answer for without unjustly shouldering this upon them. The truth is that hostilities between Poland and the Bolsheviks have

been going on quietly for many months, in spite of the fact that the Polish Left demanded that they cease, and attributed them explicitly to the activities of our French military mission in that country. However, this fighting actually served the purpose at Warsaw. Some day the diplomatic archives will reveal, to the painful disillusion of enlightened Polish patriots, that the government of that country has been preparing since November, 1919, to invade Russia, with the object of seizing Kieff and Smolensk, and to employ Petljura and Chernoff as standard-bearers to carry freedom to the 'liberated populations' of those regions. Brusiloff's preventive offensive of March 15th aided this design by giving a direct excuse for action. Taciturn Pilsudski once remarked in an unusual impulsive burst of frankness: 'Neither Kolchak or Denikin will succeed; I am the man who will reconstruct Russia.' That would have been a fine and generous idea which we would have supported and encouraged — in fact a sane and fruitful plan — if it had been inspired by a real desire to deliver Poland's great neighbor from its tyrants, and to establish the permanent and intimate friendship with that country necessary for Poland's very existence. Unhappily the real design was very different. Reconstructing Russia meant reconstructing it in Poland's interest alone. It involved conferring fictitious independence upon a fictitious Ukraine, which Frenchmen coming back from that country will frankly tell you is impossible. It meant, furthermore, erecting a Lithuania and White Russia which wanted no favors from Polish magnates, and saw that this was merely a scheme for usurping Russian territory in Poland's interest. In order to get everything before they had anything for certain, the Poles plumed

into the vast spaces of the East, thus weakening their front against Germany, which recently contested at Spa their rights in Upper Silesia and their precarious status in Dantzig — that is to say, coal and the sea, indispensable for a Poland which is not to be tributary to its enemies. Then, as if the country had not been sufficiently hard pressed already, the Polish government started a violent campaign against its neighbors, the Czecho-Slovaks, as if bent on acquiring a third enemy as soon as possible!

On every hand men clamor 'Poland in peril!' Unhappily this is but too true. But the Bolsheviks are not responsible for this. They are a transient danger. The true peril is the peril of old; one which the government has revived by inviting from the moment of its rebirth the enmity of both Russias — Bolshevik and anti-Bolshevik; and by opening the gate wide for Germany to start a new chain of alliances against Poland for its own future profit. We cannot remove that danger by shipments of munitions. Only Poland can remove it; and we are entitled in our own interest as well as in the interest of that country, to insist that this be done.

If the situation created by Warsaw thus early in its career as an independent nation is harmful for Poland, it is injurious beyond measure for France. Viewing conditions coldly and dismissing that sentimentality which does nothing but mislead, we see that the crisis is not one that calls for sympathy and pity. France and Poland cannot live upon the memories of the past. Practical exigencies of the day take precedence of sentiment. It is better to descend from the tripod of the prophetic and listen to prosaic and ungrateful truths. The relations between France and Poland must be determined solely by practical interests.

Is this the policy we have adopted hitherto? We must answer in the negative. With expansive generosity we tried to repair a historical crime — to restore from a distance the Poland of romance. The nation was a little maiden to whom we benignantly promised a joyous and happy future. Is it surprising if this child of our creation thus spoiled, petted and indulged in its infancy, whose status in the world was defined only by hopes and uncertainties, should now appeal to its guardians to repair its errors, after trying to confront Europe with the accomplished fact of a Russian frontier fixed by itself alone? We created an irresponsible state; it naturally conducted itself without a sense of responsibility.

Poland had a rôle to fill from which it would have benefited supremely. Its task was to create a barrier between Germany and Russia; a barrier more significant from the moral than the territorial point of view. Its first obligation was to win the permanent friendship of Russia, if necessary by leaving to that country a few kilometers of disputed frontier. It should have kept within the territories occupied by people of Polish blood and speech. These were guaranteed it. Indeed it was given regions truly Polish which even the optimist scarcely hoped for — territories which were extorted from Germany almost at the point of the bayonet, and for which we had to struggle not only with Fahrenbach but with Lloyd George himself.

Now, what has Poland actually done? Forgetting the questions vital for its existence, it has dreamed of heading a grandiose alliance of alien nationalities, and has imperilled its very existence to bring that ambitious scheme about even before its own government was completely organized. Poland has ignored a profound truth. Forgetting its own dramatic history it

has alienated the Slavic world, both the Czechs and the Great Russians, and has converted them into allies of Germany through their common hatred of its government. Poland has thus disregarded its obligations to itself and to France. Its officials are fond of saying that Poland is the barrier between the two colossi of the East. Instead it has made itself a pathway for their union. Poland will bring upon us a Russian-German alliance, the most frightful nightmare we can conceive, if we persist in considering it a martyr and do not sternly indicate the boundaries with which it must be content in order to insure the safety both of its own country and of ourselves. We should defend Poland against its own misguided leaders rather than against the Bolsheviks.

Is the case hopeless? It depends upon the Poles and upon us whether we solve the present crisis by some better agency than machine guns. Unhappily we are at a loss to discover a man powerful enough to resist the flood of feverish and unhealthy imperialist ambitions which has engulfed Warsaw. If such a man arises we must support him vigorously. That is the only remedy which will be efficacious and durable. Any other measure will be a palliative which will but postpone the inevitable tragedy.

[*Berliner Tageblatt* (Pro-English Radical Liberal Daily), July 8]

II. *The Belvedere Blunder*

BY HANS VORST

POLAND's foreign policy is dictated by two enmities — to Germany and to Russia. In addition, the Teschen question, which is agitating people violently just at present, creates a controversy with Czecho-Slovakia; that is, with a friendly and allied people.

Preparations for the plebiscite in the Teschen territory have been accompanied by as much friction and bitterness as those in the Prussian districts, where a popular vote is also to be taken. A year ago, when I was in Prague, the Czech papers were filled with reports of Polish usurpations in Teschen; to-day the Polish press is filled with exhaustive and sensational accounts of the injustice, trickery, and violence of the Czechs in this contested and valuable region. The Poles assert that the country is overwhelmingly Polish and consider it an outrage that the question should even be put to a popular vote. They regard the suggestion to arbitrate the matter as a Czech intrigue against their interests.

Still other circumstances have cooperated to chill the enthusiasm of the Poles for the Allies. The English have never been very popular. The character and the temperament of the two nations are too different to permit much sympathy between them. Now, however, the Poles frankly mistrust England. They think that Great Britain is much too conciliatory toward Germany; they fear its designs at Danzig; and they are angry because the British have not given Poland active support against Russia. One can judge how far this ill-feeling goes when I say that I have heard many Poles express the opinion that Great Britain was supplying the Bolsheviks with munitions. 'Where do they get their tanks then?' This is an illustration of the wild fancies a patriotic and excited Pole can entertain.

On the other hand, neither is sentiment toward the French as friendly as formerly. One hears complaints on every hand that the innumerable Frenchmen who have descended upon the land since the armistice, take advantage of the exchange to plunder the natives ruthlessly. More recently in

their bitter disappointment over their set-back against the Russians, they are beginning to hold France responsible for this failure. The irritation finds expression in an unpleasant controversy between the Polish papers and the local French paper, the *Journal de Pologne*. Of course, too much importance should not be attached to this. France and Poland are firmly united by their common hostility to Germany. The truth is, however, that the Poles no longer like anybody, and the alliance with France is already publicly referred to as a 'marriage of convenience.'

At the same time Polish opposition papers point out, quite justly, that the offensive in the Ukraine has not improved Poland's position with the allied governments. That campaign has created the impression that the country is greedy for territory, and has raised the question whether the Polish republic may not prove to be a disorderly and inconvenient factor in the political affairs of Eastern Europe.

The alliance with Petljura and the Ukrainian offensive are logical developments of the government's border-state and coalition policy, which is known in Poland, from the residence of Marshal Pilsudski, as the 'Belvedere programme.' It is a mere subterfuge to pretend, as some people try to do, that Poland's policy in the Ukraine is part of a larger defensive scheme against Bolshevism. The latter motive was merely contributory. As a matter of fact, the Poles are not interested in Bolshevism, but in Russia. Responsible men in political life are perfectly frank on that point; and it has been explained to me with the utmost definiteness from many sources. For example, a well-known Polish political leader of whom I inquired whether the alliance with the Ukraine would still be important if a new government

were erected in Russia, answered without the slightest evasion: 'It would then be more important than ever.' In talking of the boundaries of 1772, no one outside of a small uninfluential group of men, half-crazed with national ambitions, considers seriously incorporating in the new republic all the territories which belonged to Poland at that date. They signify by this slogan the 'Belvedere policy,' which I have just said is to form a coalition under Polish leadership. If possible they would have this coalition extend from the Baltic to the Black Sea. In this way Poland would erect a powerful bulwark against the future Russia. It is probable, therefore, that the Russian refugees, like Rodicheff and Savinkoff, who are now in Warsaw, in order, as Rodicheff told me, to create 'a psychological basis' for a friendly settlement of all controversies between Poland and Russia, have little prospect of success.

Obviously this ambitious coalition policy of Poland rests on a very weak foundation. Let us leave the Baltic governments entirely out of question. An alliance with them would have practically no value unless Lithuania joined it. But the Lithuanian minister of foreign affairs, Valdemaras, has just stated publicly that Lithuania wishes to be absolutely independent of Poland and would rather sacrifice Vilna than become a member of a federation including that country. We can assume without question that whatever kind of a government may be erected in Lithuania, its attitude will be the same as that just expressed, and that it will seek support anywhere else rather than from Poland. It will prove as impossible to bring about a voluntary alliance between Poland and Lithuania as it would have been to ally the Baltic countries with Germany. In the same way that the Estonians and Letts are

inveterately hostile to the Germans, who have formed the propertied and privileged class in their country, so the Lithuanians cherish hereditary hatred for the Poles, who occupy a similar position in their own land. The Lithuanians are convinced that all the threats to their nationality and independence which exist comes from Poland.

I repeat that the alliance with Petljura and the Ukrainian offensive are the keystone of Poland's official policy. But at the same time they will inevitably defeat that policy, and this fact is already becoming apparent to the Poles themselves. If a foreign policy based upon the permanent independence of the Baltic countries, Lithuania, or even White Russia is extremely precarious, still more so is this Ukrainian design; for the people of Poland must surely remember how vigorously they have insisted for many years that an independent Ukraine was a phantom — especially after the Brest Peace, when that country was played off against Poland by the Central Powers. Many Poles know the Ukraine well because it has been their home. They know how little Petljura stands for, how vain the idea of an alliance between the Ukraine and Poland is, and how the national movement in the former country has been discredited by the very agreement which Petljura made with the Polish government. These views are now coming to the front, especially since the people begin to recognize that Poland undertook a task beyond its power when it invaded Ukraine. As a result a desire is manifesting itself not only among the Radicals, but also among the more conservative political groups, to end the war with Russia as soon as possible, if that can in any way be accomplished. Rumors were current that during the cabinet crisis, and in spite of that, a wireless proposal to negotiate was

about to be sent the Soviet government, but that the evacuation of Kieff prevented this being done.

I said above that Poland's foreign policy was determined primarily by its double enmity; to Russia on the one hand and to Germany on the other. This twofold hostility naturally expresses itself in the sentiment of the people. Throughout Congress Poland everyone understands Russian, but the visitor does not acquire popularity by speaking it. If you use Russian in the shops you are frequently served with a reluctant and hostile air. When I talked Russian with a servant in a hotel once, I heard a Polish officer a minute later violently reprimanding the man for not replying to me in Polish. The monuments of Polish subjugation which the Tsar's government erected in such a challenging way under the very nose of the Warsaw people have long since been removed, with the exception of the great Orthodox Cathedral in the Saxon Gardens. Even its destruction has been strongly insisted upon in Parliament, and prevented mainly by the fact that it would cost sixty million marks or more to remove it, a sum which the government has not at its disposal just now for such a purpose. However, a minority did succeed in getting through a provision to destroy the great clock tower, even though the building itself is temporarily to remain.

Poland is just now fighting Russia. Russian rule lay heavily upon this country, to its cultural and economic distress. Yet I have the impression that the feeling against Germany in the part of Poland which formerly belonged to Russia is even stronger than that against the latter country. The explanation for this is probably that Russia is more badly weakened and demoralized than Germany. The Poles believe that Germany is still very

powerful. Its industrial and financial strength are constantly exaggerated by the Polish press. In a word, the people fear Germany, while, in spite of their recent repulse by the Red army, they think they can settle affairs with Russia.

This hatred of Germany is further kept alive by the prospective voting in the disputed territories. The campaign which the Poles are waging in those districts has been accompanied by a flood of abuse against Germany in the Polish newspapers. Prior to leaving Berlin, Poles with whom I conversed there complained that our German papers were misrepresenting and exaggerating the Polish situation. Now that I am able to make a comparison I must insist that what the German papers are doing is very innocent compared with the sins of the Polish press. In the first place, accounts of incidents and conflicts in the voting area occupy much more room in the latter than they do in the German papers, and they are printed in a more sensational way. For instance, the principal illustrated periodical in Poland, shows in an issue which I bought soon after arriving in Warsaw, pictures of the naked upper bodies of three Poles said to have been brutally beaten by Germans in Masuria. Without any other occasion than that of stimulating hatred for Germany, this paper published in the same issue six of Raemaker's war cartoons.

Since the Polish offensive in the Ukraine, the newspapers report in the most matter-of-fact way that the Red army is receiving munitions and men from Germany. When the rumor got abroad that the Lithuanians were prepared to side with Soviet Russia against Poland, the local papers immediately printed a Copenhagen telegram, stating that this was due to German intrigue. Germany was to supply the Lithuanians with arms,

munitions, and men, and was endeavoring to establish direct connection with Soviet Russia through Lithuania. Although these reports were so sensational as to include reference to the passage of German Zeppelins across Poland, conveying German general staff officers to the Bolsheviks, they received very general credence and had a most pernicious effect upon the public mind. Even responsible Polish public men with whom I conversed entertained not the slightest doubt but what the Bolsheviks were receiving support from Germany, and at the most would only admit that it was an open question whether such support was being sent with the knowledge and encouragement or merely with the tacit permission of the German government!

It naturally follows that the Poles are ready to anticipate any kind of a hostile act from Germany. They believe that our country is still strong enough to be a direct military danger for Poland. This was shown at the time of the Kapp revolt, when Polish government circles, as I am reliably informed, were greatly concerned for fear of an immediate German attack. Men of authority in Warsaw seemed to believe that Germany needed only to wish it, to venture successfully a violation of the Versailles Treaty in the East. Accordingly the Poles study likewise the domestic policies of Germany with great distrust and concern. They consider it a new threat to Poland, whether the Radicals or Conservatives gain in strength. In either case they fancy Germany will ally itself with the Soviet government against Poland.

So we see an alliance of fear, dislike, and distrust, which makes Poland hostile to any understanding with Germany. This does not prevent Polish statesmen realizing that the strained relations between the two countries,

and the hopelessness of reconciliation, are most damaging to themselves. There are men who say frankly that better relations with Germany, and especially closer commercial relations, are most desirable. I was told at the Ministry of State that it was the wish of the government to enter into a reciprocity treaty with Germany, similar to the treaties already concluded between Poland, on the one hand, and Czecho-Slovakia and German-Austria on the other. However, such projects are still in the realm of theory, because the Poles are not ready to adopt an attitude which will make such friendly relations possible. As an example of this, let me cite an interview which I had with a leading official of the foreign office, who is more or less of a specialist on this topic. He said that Poland would be ready to settle economic questions with Germany in a conciliatory way, but that before it could be done Germany must relinquish all efforts to obtain a rectification of the Versailles Treaty. He said the Versailles Treaty was most important for Poland, because the very existence of the country was guaranteed by it, and therefore the Poles could not tolerate a modification of a single jot or iota in that document. This official must have been fully aware how fruitless such an attitude would be, because he could not have but known that Germany would inevitably try to secure a peaceful revision of the treaty.

A conversation which I had with a high official in the Ministry of Commerce led to the same result. He suggested that political and commercial questions be completely separated and that the latter should be settled first. The fact that our conversation kept getting back to political matters, however, soon showed that politics and trade are too closely related to be thus artificially divorced.

Consequently the prospect of eliminating the innumerable and painful conflicts of interest between Poland and Germany is not promising. However, geography makes the two countries permanent neighbors. We cannot change that by negotiations, and unless we can establish friendly and neighborly relations with Poland, we shall live with the constant threat of war — and indeed of world war. Poland's economic difficulties are so serious that it seems doomed to indefinite weakness and decline unless it has the aid of German capital and skill, and unless its own commerce is vivified by commerce with Germany. Before the latter can be accomplished tolerable political relations between the two governments are indispensable. Poland's international embarrassments will force it to seek a *modus vivendi* with us. In spite of all the difficulties which the new Poland state will encounter, it will be an unforgivable fault in foreign policy for us to speculate upon its overthrow. It would be hard to conjecture what would take Poland's place. In the long run that country will find its double enmity to Russia and to Germany unendurable. Russian emigrants are hard at work in Warsaw, as I have said above, trying to reconcile that country and Poland; but they are refugees while we are masters of our own country. By using this advantage now, we do not necessarily prejudice our future relations with Russia itself.

[*Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist Liberal Daily), July 4]

FROM BELGRADE TO SOFIA

BY ERNEST ROTH

SOBIA in the middle of June. I recently left Vienna, the dying metropolis, where it was impossible to get accommodations at any hotel, and armed

with a fair knowledge of the English, Italian, Hungarian, Polish, Croat, and Czech languages, I hied me forth to Sofia. At Spielfeld we passed a comparatively easy customs and passport inspection, and bade our last *adieu* to little Austria and to a dining-car which served a miserable little meal of four courses for one hundred crowns, plus thirty per cent surtax. Toward five o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at Agram, where our express train waited eight hours, because the train from Bucharest which was to meet us was behind time. The little provincial town looks as neat as a bandbox, but its inhabitants are by no means happy subjects of Yugoslavia. At last we continued on our journey in an unlighted day coach, and reached Belgrade at three o'clock the next afternoon instead of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, as per schedule. A cab took me up a steep hill and over rough pavements to Hotel Moskeva, the largest establishment of the kind in the Balkan countries. Not a room was to be had. My cabby made the round of countless private houses with me. At last I secured a chamber in the home of a lawyer in the suburbs. The little old gentleman who was to be my host immediately got busy. He took me into a moderate-sized room occupied by six beds, none of which suggested the 'white Belgrade' of the poets. According to the custom I paid in advance for my lodging, thirty dinars, which amounted to two hundred and forty Austrian crowns. Thereupon the lawyer personally escorted me out into the yard, a diminutive pitcher in his hand, and asked me if I did not wish to wash. There were no facilities in the room. So the good old gentleman poured about half a pint of muddy river water on my hands, which he evidently thought enough for any European traveler,

Now, out into the street. The city is bathed in glorious May sunshine. On the *Knjas Michailovna*, the finest avenue in the city, I chance upon a tidy little one-story house. Two soldiers are standing on guard. It is the residence of Alexander, Prince Regent. Why should there be such a scarcity of rooms and houses in Belgrade? Well, I hear Russian at every step I take. An acquaintance tells me that the city has more than three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, of whom over one hundred thousand are Russians, who took refuge in Serbia after Denikin's defeat. Naturally they all want to crowd into Belgrade, and each one of them receives twenty dinars from the grateful Serbs. The recipients of this charity include princesses, who wear shabby sable coats, diamonds, and ragged shoes, fat, overfed old generals, and little shrinking lieutenants. For three months a constant procession of men who were once rich and powerful but are now bowed down with misery and disappointment has been arriving from Southern Russia. The city presents a peculiar mixture of European luxury with Oriental shabbiness and bad taste. Show windows are heaped with French and English goods at prices not much higher than in Vienna. At the Ruski Zar, an immense but by no means elegant restaurant, you can get just now very excellent food. The portions are enormous but the prices are fabulous. So Belgrade is by no means a cheap city to live in, especially for an Austrian who loses so much on exchange. A shave costs five dinars (one dollar). A short trip in a cab thirty dinars (six dollars). An ordinary meal twenty-five dinars (five dollars). At the Hotel Moskeva the cheapest room is fifty dinars (ten dollars). The city has no night life. Every thing shuts up at ten o'clock. I counted myself lucky the next morning at being

able to find a cab to take me to the railway station for fifty dinars (ten dollars).

The train I took was by no means an express. It was a dissipated looking old accommodation train, composed entirely of little antiquated third-class cars. Opposite me sat a peasant woman, with a squealing pig in one hand and a great picture of a saint in the other. The latter was evidently the object of her journey to Belgrade. Next to me sat a fat old peasant, who soon fell into an argument. A long-bearded Goliath, designating himself as a 'Communist,' started the thing, and the other passengers, envying the greedy peasants their newly acquired wealth, backed him up. The professed Communist jokingly suggested to the peasant that he should treat the occupants of the car to wine, eggs, white bread, and lambs' heads at the next station; for he surely did not know what to do with all his money. The peasant shouted in a fury: 'You beastly thief, of course I'll turn over all my land to you, and my wife, too. You Communists merely want to live in idleness on whatever we have produced. You won't work on the farms; but my wife toils herself to death daily in the fields.' The peasant would soon have had a fight on his hands, had his troubles not been suddenly shifted to other shoulders. It happened this way. A young woman, whom I immediately saw had once known better days, was addressed in an indecent way by a young fellow near her. She rose proud and trembling and said: 'Get away from me. I am a Russian, and my name is Countess Voronska.' The poor woman then sank back into her seat weeping. For the moment there was deathly silence. Then the passengers sprang to their feet, and in a moment the offensive young fellow was prostrate on the floor under a rain of kicks and blows.

Along this single track line the train frequently stopped for half an hour at some little village. Toward the interior trains run only every second day. Whenever we stopped the passengers got out and bought eggs, at three for a dinar (twenty cents), cheese cakes, lambs' heads, white pretzels and *Kisela voda*, a bottled mineral water.

Night gradually descended upon our miserable little train, which was crowded with passengers, many of whom were seated precariously on the roofs of the cars. About midnight we reached Nish, where we all had to get out because the next train did not go until eight o'clock in the morning. The farther we journeyed the more miserable were the accommodations. When the Germans withdrew from this country they destroyed all bridges, tore up the tracks, and burned the railway stations. The last have been repaired and in their new coats of paint look very neat and tidy; but the countless bridges have been replaced with emergency trestles, and each time you are safely across one you breathe a sigh of relief. At every station there is a crowd of peasant women and children calling out: 'eggs,' 'roast chickens' (at twelve dinars apiece), 'white bread' and 'oranges.' Within the car there is an uninterrupted deafening racket. People are singing, whistling, cursing, and snoring. It is surely a delightful traveling public. Two soldiers with fixed bayonets enter. They roughly order four peasants sitting together to get up. Two minutes later they return bringing in a couple of shackled soldiers whom they place in one seat, while they take the one opposite. I have this engaging sight before me all the way to Pirot.

We arrived at the latter town about three o'clock. Only Entente officers, Allied and neutral diplomats, government couriers, and Russian refugees

are permitted to go directly on to Zaribrod. All other travelers who wish to visit Bulgaria must leave the train. We were told to stop at the National Hotel, where there were rooms for us; that our baggage would be examined at eight o'clock in the morning—passports had been left at Nish—and that each one must find his own conveyance. We would then go to the border accompanied by police officers, who would return us our passports.

My driver awakened me early next morning. He had agreed to carry me the fifteen miles more or less to Zaribrod for three hundred dinars. After a careful inspection of our baggage our little caravan, consisting of fifteen open peasant carts accompanied by gendarmes, started over the tedious but well macadamized road to Zaribrod. The sun was blazing hot. Some twelve miles out we stopped, and the gendarmes handed us our passports and pointed out where the Bulgarian guard were stationed a little distance beyond, in a small barracks over which the Bulgarian flag was waving. Old Bulgarian men, students, and peasant women, who had not seen their homes for years, kneeled down weeping and kissed their native soil. Again the carts started. Some three miles farther on we arrived at Zaribrod.

This city, which is peculiarly dear to the hearts of the Bulgarians, was promised to Serbia in the Peace Treaty. However, a Bulgarian official was still in charge at the neat railway station, which had been adorned with garlands and mottos to welcome the returning war prisoners. A courteous French lieutenant was also here as an 'officer detailed by the International Allied Bureau'; but already rooms were being prepared for the Serbian officers who were to make their entry a few days later. The village itself was quiet. Even the doors and windows of the

houses had been carried off to the interior by the inhabitants, who were now just beginning to return. No one really believed that Serbia would make a permanent enemy of Bulgaria for this little fragment of territory; and since the latter had delayed their occupation so long, the common people thought it would never come.

Here we find a clean train of first and second class carriages, and soon we are passing the battle fields of Slivnitza. Toward evening, after a journey of nearly five days and nights, we approach Sofia, picturesquely situated at the foot of snow-covered Vitosh.

This city seems changed a good deal since I left it two years ago. Here as elsewhere war has produced a frivolous, pleasure-seeking state of mind. Many fine restaurants have been opened, where orchestras play until two o'clock in the morning. Quite contrary to my expectation, I find many well-dressed people. This is due to the active trade with Italy. Every lady has shoes of the latest fashion, costing five hundred 'levas' a pair. I saw fine English woollens in many of the shops at seven hundred 'levas' a yard (two thousand crowns). The cost of living is not cheap but there is an abundance of everything, especially flour and eggs. You can buy all you wish of the latter at thirty stotinki (twelve cents). Cut off from the rest of the world, excluded from the sea by the Treaty of Peace, embittered beyond description by the unjust settlement of the Thracian question, with no outlet but the Danube, Bulgaria is keeping at home a vast accumulation of tobacco, silk cocoons, hides, wool, and grain. It has the prospect of one of the best harvests in years. Naturally people look to a speedy resumption of trade with the rest of Europe as soon as the treaty is ratified. Meantime, grain is rotting in the over-filled warehouses, and the

Prime Minister remarked to me very justly: 'We shall be stifled by our riches if you don't give us air.'

This peasant community with a popular Orthodox king, Boris III, has a new cabinet. The peasants are the real masters of the land and the administration. Banks are complaining of a scarcity of money, for the peasants have three billions hoarded and will not spend it. Trade is strictly regulated by the authorities, who go upon the principle that 'the towns shall not have what the peasants don't need.' The merchants are complaining, the farmers are rejoicing. The poorly paid civil servants, including the railway men, are sending forty-four Communists to Parliament, but they are tame Communists, who do not thirst for blood but merely for better salaries in government service. There is a house famine here also. Not a building has been erected since 1912, and Sofia is crowded to the limit with refugees from Thrace, emigrants from Macedonia and Dobrudja, and many thousands of Russians. Few people brought any money with them, but charitable associations are giving them all the assistance possible.

I was not so much surprised at — to put it mildly — the cold attitude toward the French, as I was at the strong sympathy shown the Germans. Many students are watching for the first opportunity to go to Vienna or Germany to resume their studies. The typical Bulgarian stands about with fists clinched in his pockets. He does not say much. The newspapers do not say much. But they are convinced and determined that the Peace Treaty shall be merely a scrap of paper. They have absolute faith in a better time coming. However, to show how seriously the Bulgarians do take some of their obligations, let me add that they are already anticipating the delivery

of the fifty thousand tons of coal which they are obligated to send Serbia, but which are not yet due, at the rate of one hundred and fifty tons a day. What impressed me perhaps more than anything else was the unbroken spirit and the splendid discipline of the soldiers whom I saw marching through the streets. It would fill their hearts with joy to be ordered out at once to drive the Greeks from Thrace. You hear cheers and patriotic songs constantly about the barracks. I never saw the Bulgarians more patriotic than they are to-day.

I write on the birthday of the King. All the houses are decorated with the same flags the owners used to raise after their military victories. Bulgaria has become a little state surrounded by a greater and larger Roumania, Serbia, and Greece; but the hope of a greater Bulgaria still survives. Model law and order prevail throughout the land. A man who fancies that Bulgaria is not still a very important factor in the Balkan situation had better go and see conditions for himself, providing he is willing to undertake a journey which should be attempted just at present only by men of robust health and nerves.

[*Arbeiter Zeitung* (Vienna Conservative Socialist Daily), July 10]

HUNGARY'S CRISIS AND THE BOYCOTT

BY COUNT MICHAEL KAROLY

THE castle of lies erected by the feudal clerical gentry of Hungary, who have recently represented themselves as crusaders, has fallen about their ears. In 1914 these same gentlemen were the loudest shouters in favor of the alleged 'compulsory' war. It is now as clear as sunlight from the publication of the Vienna and Berlin diplomatic documents that this war was

not forced upon Hungary. Those documents, however, do make it plain that there were powerful forces at work which made war inevitable. They were Ballhausplatz (the Vienna Foreign Office), Wilhelmstrasse (the Berlin Foreign Office) and the Austrian and German military party. The public men who give its distinctive character to the present government of Hungary are the conservatives, who in 1914 sat upon the party benches and overbid each other in loud demands for war. In that savage choir the voice of the president of the peace delegation to Neuilly, Apponyi, sang high C, when he greeted the announcement in the Budapest Parliament that war had been declared with the words: '*At last!*' These gentlemen were 'bitter-enders' throughout the war. They stigmatized as cowards and traitors any man who tried to shorten the war, who advocated pacifist ideals, or who accepted Wilson's fourteen points. We know today that the map of Hungary would look much better had we been less bloodthirsty. Throughout the conflict these men played *va banque* in both the political and the business game. They kept raising their wagers, troubling themselves not at all at the fact that the wagers consisted of the flesh and blood of the Hungarian people. They continued to raise their bets when it was clear to every man that the military and economic resources of the Central Powers were exhausted. The only thought they had was to make any sacrifice, if only their own power might be extended for a single hour.

The defeat of the Central Powers was clearly inevitable from the moment it was shown that the submarine campaign could not accomplish what was expected of it, and that the Americans were able to send men and munitions to Europe. That moment the war was decided. When the German

offensive failed in June, 1918, and Foch, seizing the initiative, defeated the Germans day after day, even the most optimistic saw that the war was lost. This was still clearer when our fatal offensive on the Piave proved a fiasco, and the Balkan armies began to break up. The disorganization and military impotency of the monarchy were visible as early as 1917. We have evidences of this in the memoirs of Ludendorff, of the German Crown Prince, and even of Czernin, who all state that we were completely exhausted at that date and thereafter were a constant drag upon the Germans.

This criminally frivolous and shortsighted policy necessarily led to the disaster which actually followed, in September and October, 1918. The reactionaries and the corrupt Hungarian and Austrian newspapers which they control lie brazenly when they now assert that the military front and the economic and political structure of the monarchy were still unshaken and intact, and that our military defeat was due to the machinations of a few revolutionists at home. This is directly contrary to the fact; the disaster was already upon us. The Italians broke through our lines on the 25th of October and smashed our army to fragments. At the same time we learned of the secession of Yugoslavia, the surrender of the fleet, and Bohemia's declaration of independence on October 28. The actual revolution did not start until October 31.

Under such conditions, inasmuch as the ruling caste insisted on fighting to the bitter end and made no preparations for peace, it was folly to expect a satisfactory peace. Nevertheless, efforts were made: there were the famous Sixtus letters. After these letters had been denied by both the King and Czernin, they did us more harm than good.

Nevertheless, as late as November, 1918, the reactionary leaders fell into a hysterical rage when anyone even whispered of peace without territorial integrity. They abused as traitors whoever seemed willing to negotiate on such a basis. Of course they merely employed these tactics to excite the public, knowing full well that it would not be themselves, but the radicals and republicans who would have to settle for the war which they had begun, and which they had prosecuted five years: so they were deaf to every appeal for a separate peace. All these chauvinist shouters knew that a good peace was impossible, but they nevertheless spread lies broadcast in order to delude the public with impossible hopes. They employed the armistice agreement of Belgrade to attack the republican system, which they claimed was solely responsible for these consequences. Yet we know that harsh as that armistice agreement was, it was far better than the present peace terms, quite apart from the fact that it was a temporary arrangement. The incessant outcry in the holy name of territorial integrity became ridiculous; for the gentlemen who raised it did not take a single serious step to secure that integrity. Absurd as it may seem, the proletarian dictatorship was the only government which ever took positive action to win back the land we lost, and actually fought for that object. The reactionaries, who were always shouting, 'Never, never, never,' actually defeated their own purpose, and coöperated to destroy the very army which was fighting to liberate the Hungarian territory which had been seized by the imperialist forces of the Roumanian annexationists.

The gentlemen now ruling Hungary designate their reign by the glorious title of a Christian Renaissance. It is a reign which has not the slightest

positive achievement to its credit. It has busied itself solely and exclusively in trying to make the October and March revolutions responsible for all the evils which the present political leaders brought upon our heads when they started the war and fought it to the bitter end.

This so-called 'Christian' policy is supposed to be based upon territorial integrity, the restoration of the monarchy, and the continuity of the old government. The way it has defended our territorial integrity is recorded by the treaty it has just signed. The outcome is, that while they have dinned into our ears that they would never cede a single acacia tree of old Hungary, they have actually ceded everything demanded. Their loyalty to the old royal house is merely a lie and a deception. In November, 1918, Julius Vlassich, President of the House of Magnates, Prince Esterhazy, Count Emil Dessewffy, and Emil Szechenyi went to Eckartsau to urge the King to abdicate, because, as Vlassich told me personally, the magnates likewise desired to help the republican cause. Archduke Joseph also swore allegiance to the republic and did not take the side of the King. He now tries to make out that he did this under compulsion. That is not true, because neither I nor any other person forced his hand in that matter. These gentlemen sacrificed neither their lives, their blood — nor even their property — for the King. At a hint from the Entente they are ready to leave the Hapsburgs in the lurch and put an English prince on the throne. If no other man were available they would be content with Horthy. All they want is to have somebody to distribute titles and privileges, to protect their estates and their feudal rights, and to see that they are not taxed.

The so-called continuity of the old

government, which is so much talked about, is likewise a lie from the beginning to the end. The present government is just as much a product of revolution as any other government since October, 1918. In order to have legal continuity, it would have been necessary to re-assemble the old Parliament, if only for a single session.

But the greatest lie and the greatest blasphemy of which the present government of Hungary is guilty is in the employment of the word Christian. Christian is taken as the opposite of the Red Terror. But the only use they know of the evangel of brotherly love, forgiveness, and poverty, is to make them objects of contempt. For ten months vengeance has raged without mercy. Instead of succoring the poor and assisting the helpless, they destroy them by famine and imprisonment. All the leaders of the present government, from Horthy down, as well as its newspapers, have vigorously denied the existence of a White Terror raging under the sign of the Cross. These gentlemen employed every deception and falsehood and forgery to mislead the Italian and English labor delegations, but they did not succeed. The International Trade Union Alliance has started a boycott. The whole world knows now that a fearful White Terror has raged in Hungary for ten months. It is a great victory for the boycott already that it has called the attention of Europe to the suffering of the common people of Hungary. That measure has stripped the veil of lies from the horrible face of the counter-revolutionary government and published to the world irrefutable evidence of its cruelties and atrocities. To-day every man knows that Horthy himself is responsible, because it is chiefly during his rule that these abuses have occurred. The world knows now that he characterized Hejjas and Pronay to

the English labor delegation as his best officers; and they are men who have found it compatible with their honor as officers to mutilate, assassinate, and rob, and to dishonor helpless women.

If Hungary hopes ever to secure a revision of the treaty, it must do so in a different way. Reaction and imperialism will accomplish nothing. If socialist ideals which do not conceive human happiness as consisting in the acquisition of great territories, but in the right of every people to govern itself, continue to win ground, they may open the way to a better future. Particularly in Eastern Europe, where language frontiers are so hard to determine, we must try to substitute for those chauvinist conceptions which lead to constant wars, a new idea, based upon consulting economic needs and interests. In the midst of the tremendous process of transformation in which Europe is now involved, no state can set out to oppose progress without imperilling its own existence. This is especially true of small and economically exhausted countries. For them it is a necessary condition of survival to keep up with the age. They cannot move in advance of their times, nor tarry behind them. That is why the dictatorship of the proletariat failed in Hungary. A small country like that cannot crush capitalism. Now under the rule of Horthy this same little land is futilely trying to check the triumphant world march of Socialism.

[*The Japan Advertiser* (Tokyo-American Daily), July 13]

SHANTUNG AND SIBERIA

BY MASUJIRO HONDA, L.H.D.

THERE were large numbers of people during the war 1914-18, even in the twenty-eight belligerent countries, who thought that the problems of European

politics and economy might perhaps have been solved in a better way. Some of them foresaw the universal effects of international slaughter; others feared the economic consequences of so much wasting of life and property; but all regretted their inability to stop the war with or without being condemned as traitors to a noble cause. At Paris last year, a war of diplomacy was fought to restore peace and goodwill among men. But there again a good deal of injustice was done to some nationalities, even in the terms of the League of Nations. No one could blame anybody else for this, because the combined wisdom and judgment of the world thought at the time that the best possible arrangement was made to terminate the worst of all wars. Modifications in the 440 articles of the Peace Treaty seem inevitable now, and other forces than internationalism are regaining power to balance it.

In this light alone, it appears to the writer, could Japan's position in Shantung and Siberia be explained or defended with justice to all parties concerned. China's anti-Japanese propaganda was so successful at one time that many a Japanese in or out of official circles thought their country ought to surrender every claim in Shantung, simply because they believed international relations were going to be reconstructed on a basis of justice and liberalism. Our conservative elements, not anti-Chinese or militarist elements, feared, however, that the Far East, at all events, would fare worse if it trusted the economic peace of the West too much.

They resented at heart the rapid advance of Western capitalism in the East, while Eastern labor was excluded from the white man's sparsely populated countries. Neither China nor Japan say this openly, the former from her traditional policy of setting a

distant friend against a near rival, and the latter wishing to coöperate with the world in more important matters. If the world let us alone, the Shantung question would be settled more quickly and to the mutual satisfaction of both China and Japan.

The urgent need common to Japan and China, though perhaps in a different degree, is popular education in industrial self-reliance and political responsibility. The bulk of the people in both countries do not know, or care to know much about the real significance of a local, or national, or international issue. Students, publicists, politicians and reformers sincerely wish to bring their countrymen and women up to the highest standard of education, comfort, and of human relations. But they do not realize the potent fact that, even by the exclusive development of Asian resources by Asiatics, which is an impossible proposition, the Asiatic peoples could never attain the material prosperity enjoyed by wealthy nations of the West. These latter, in due time, will have to lower their standard of comfort or luxury, if they mean to spread their mutual and moral culture among the larger number of their own descendants. In the meantime, the Chinese and the Japanese may be allowed to raise their standard of living and education by spreading to the north as industrial workers and to other parts of the world as traders, as well as by reducing military expenditure to a minimum.

Siberia has thus been a common problem for the two crowded countries. Not only did the Russo-Japanese War stop the political descent of the Northern Power upon Korea and China, it also opened a way for Koreans to Manchuria and Siberia, a way for Chinese to Siberia through Mongolia, and access for Japanese to the marine and land resources of Siberia. It was with

the idea of preventing this Chinese penetration of Siberia that the Tsar's government made a buffer state of Outer Mongolia. But the new Bolshevik movement, when thwarted in its southward advance, as old Russia's advance to India had been checked before, began to work its way to the east and try to bring everything in Siberia under its sway. Even now some people in this country believe that Japan has both right and power to maintain order in the three eastern Provinces of Siberia for the benefit of all Far Eastern peoples including Siberian Russians. But what nationality or individual knows the ultimate form of government by which European Russia or Siberia will be admitted into the League of Nations?

The writer has before him a few Japanese pamphlets which have been privately circulated to give the pros and cons of our politics in Shantung and Siberia. None of them goes to the core of the problem it discusses; if they come near it, they only rebuke the Japanese and Chinese for lack of moral courage and sincerity to stand together against the economic pressure of the West, or freely air chauvinistic anger at the imposition of internationalism on helpless sections of mankind for a small but powerful minority's safety or convenience. The writer is behind no other person. He trusts, in supporting liberalism, universal suffrage, the emancipation of women, for reasonable solutions of social and labor problems; in fact, for all that is just or kind in the readjustment of human or international relations. What he wishes to impress upon his countrymen and their neighbors in China is this: what concerns them mutually but does not involve a third party must be agreed upon between themselves, but what

concerns the coöperation and common interest of all nations must be regulated by the League of Nations.

Should the League of Nations, even when joined by the United States, prove too weak to accomplish this required task, then the Anglo-Japanese Alliance first and the Four-Power Consortium next would be invoked to see that Japan does not infringe China's national rights, or to urge, or even compel, China to set her house in order and to save Japan the odium of being accused of the ambition to control China by herself. The pendulum of our policy in Siberia, again, seems gradually settling down half way between the two extremes of too much and too little, at a point where the necessities of the case drive us. Nobody but the Russian Bolsheviks admits their right to spread their anarchism or communism beyond their own country. No internationally minded man, however, will deny Russia, when she puts her hope in workable order, the right of way to raw materials or corn-purchasing countries. For the present, she must acknowledge that Siberia and its hidden treasury must be open to foreign enterprise, especially to the Chinese, Koreans, and Japanese who are crowded out in their own countries. Our temporary occupation of some strategic points in the Maritime Province can best be defended as the basis of a future demand for free entrance or return of Japanese trade and enterprise to the interior. The report of Chinese or Korean participation in the recent massacre at Nikolaievsk, whether true or false, does not change the fundamental position, that the so-called Asiatics have no other place than Siberia where they can find space to work in this white man's world.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

PROPAGANDA

I DISCOVERED the other day in the *Spectator*, a letter which delighted my heart. Not only did it protest against the plague of propagandists which this unhappy nation has endured for six long years, large propagandists, small propagandists, pleasant propagandists, horrid propagandists, British, French, Irish, Italian, Communist, and African propagandists, but also it protested against that didactic and critical attitude which it is the custom of many of these visitors to assume. There has, in particular, been altogether too much nonsense talked about American history. But let Mr. Harvey M. Watts of Philadelphia speak:

'But it is true that what with writers like Coningsby Dawson and Alfred Noyes we have been given a lot of gratuitous advice, told how to rewrite our histories, and have even had Washington explained to us as a man who was an English gentleman and apparently not an American, while George III has been so terrifically depicted as a German king who fought us seemingly single-handed, assisted by a few German mercenaries, the Hessians, that the Revolutionary War, as thus seen, resolves itself into a kind of game played alone by the two Georges, German George and English George, with the friendly British people sitting on the side lines and crying out, "Well played, sir," every time General Washington wins a victory.

'This accentuation of the German George idea, it seems not to have occurred to the British poets who are advising us as to how to interpret our

history, may be all very well for us, perhaps, but it rather puts the British people, who kept the Hanoverian dynasty in power and let fresh German blood into the royal line later, in a sort of predicament. For if they so admired us in 1776 for kicking over one German George, even the small child in the village school may ask why they clung to the evil thing they praise us for discarding.

'But that's the trouble with the propaganda now on. It is not helping men like Ambassador Geddes and Ambassador Davis to bring the two peoples together, since it either lays too much stress on the prejudices supposedly developed out of partisan histories in the past, or is disposed to think that the only way the situation can be remedied is by having us adopt the British point of view. And then, even the appreciators who deal with present-day facts continue to write articles which make for new misunderstandings; clumsy articles in which that old folly of assuming that "differences" in politics and in social and spiritual life, even in locutions, are "deficiencies" is again exemplified in a most fatuous manner.'

I am constantly meeting these various propagandists to our shores, and am amazed with their blindness in judging America by New York. They arrive here, take a room in some noisy down-town hotel, and settle down to write impressions of America! I could name half a dozen who are doing precisely this thing at this very moment. Of rural America, of the great valley,

of the old feudal South, of the hills of New England, they know nothing and apparently care to know nothing. Worse still, these new-comers are entertained almost exclusively by the very well-to-do, and never come into contact with the great, contented, and prosperous America of what I suppose I shall have to call, 'the middle class.'

Founding one's impressions of America on New York is only equaled by trying to estimate America without visiting New York.

OUR old friend, *The Garden of Allah*, camels, dancing girls, dragomans, sandstorms, etc., has been dished up as a novelty at Drury Lane. Miss Madge Titheridge played the religious wife; Mr. Godfrey Tearle played the runaway Father Antoine. Apart from its scenery and zoological features, the production has been thought something of a bore.

AFTER having been closed to the public for four years, the National Gallery of British Art, familiarly known as the Tate Gallery, was reopened at Millbank recently. Even now the whole of the building is not available for pictures, but nine rooms have been rehung and the rest of the galleries will be gradually reopened during the autumn as the space is vacated by the Ministry of Pensions.

A strenuous endeavor is now being made to make the building what it never was before: a real national gallery of British Art, not merely a collection of Victorian paintings, but an institution in which the development of the British schools from the time of Hogarth to the present day may be seen and studied.

To this end a large number of paintings of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries have been transferred to Millbank from Trafalgar Square, subject to

the proviso, however, that the finest examples of the British Masters shall remain at the National Gallery. That collection is so rich in works of the period that it has been able to transfer examples of great importance.

CONTINENTAL journals state that M. Maeterlinck is writing scenarios especially for the film — perhaps a roaring comedy based on his American lecture tour? Italy is said to be making plans for a censorship of films. The board is to include two officials of the Ministry of the Interior, a magistrate, a mother of a family, a delegate from the association for the protection of morality (the Italian 'Watch and Ward'), an artist, and a journalist.

IN the *English Review* and a New York magazine, certain articles about English authors have been appearing. H. G. Wells has just taken their author to task in a spirited letter:

To the Editor of the *English Review*:

SIR, — I have long had an uneasy feeling about my old neighbor in Kent, Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer. I knew that he was capable of imaginative reminiscences, and that in a small way he had been busy with my name. Fantastic biographical details have drifted round to me. I have heard how Mr. Hueffer gainsaid and withstood me about things I never did and answered neatly things I never said. He is now breaking into print with this stuff. It is a great pity. Mr. Hueffer has written some delightful romances, and he is a very great poet. Why does he make capital of the friendliness and hospitalities of the past to tell stupid and belittling stories of another man who is, by his own showing, a very inferior and insignificant person?

This childish falsehood about my lecturing him, or anyone, on how to write a novel, is particularly incredible.

'How to do it' was the one topic upon which I never offered a contribution to my Kentish and Sussex neighbors. Only once did I lecture this drawling blonde young man, as he was then, upon any literary matter. At our first meeting, he informed me that he had persuaded Mr. Joseph Conrad to collaborate with him. I tried to convey to him, as considerately as possible, what a very peculiar and untouchable thing was the Conrad prose fabric, and what a very mischievous enterprise he contemplated. That dead, witless book, *The Inheritors*, justifies my warnings. That and a second book, of which I forget the title—it was an entirely stagnant 'adventure' story, festering with fine language—were an abominable waste of Conrad's time and energy. For the rest, my conversations upon things literary with Mr. Hueffer were defensive.

These endless chatterings about 'how it is done,' about the New Form of the Novel, about who was greater than who, about the possibilities of forming a 'Group' or starting a 'Movement' are things to be avoided at any cost. There is a subtle mischief in this fussing about literary comment, this preoccupation with phrases and artificial balances in composition and the details of work, these campaigns to establish standard catch-words in criticism and to manipulate reputations, which affects nearly everyone who indulges in these practices.

Literature is not jewelry, it has quite other aims than perfection, and the more one thinks of 'how it is done' the less one gets it done. These critical indulgences lead along a fatal path, away from every natural interest toward a preposterous emptiness of technical effort, a monstrous egotism of artistry, of which the later work of Henry James is the monumental warning. 'It,' the subject, the thing or the

thought, has long since disappeared in these amazing works; nothing remains but the way it has been 'manipulated.' No beauty is left, no discovery. Here are no healing waters of thought, no fair gardens of invention, no distant prospects. The votary is invited to bathe in the pure sweat of the writer and rejoice. Sedulously I kept myself out of that talk—and it is no good for Mr. Hueffer to pretend that I ever came in.—Yours very sincerely,

H. G. WELLS.

The Perils of Cockney English

THE fussy old lady at the ballad concert was most anxious to know where her seat was, but she did not expect the attendant to inform her that it was the 'first in h'L.' She would not have minded so much if it had merely been the last in Heaven.

Two German 'Best-Sellers'

*Das rote Meer** is a study of German family life in the latter half of the war. For the most part the story is written round two Berlin families, the Lossbergs and the Bertholdis, related by the marriage of Annemarie of the first with Rudolph of the second. There are many secondary characters and incidents—Jochen von Lossberg and his love affair with a Polish Jewess who becomes a nurse and follows him from front to front until he falls in action; the servants of the two households and their reflections on the war; the old Regierungsrat, a neighbor of the Bertholdis, who refuses to obtain more food from the 'Schieber,' or food speculator, than his card entitles him to and finally dies of heart disease aggravated by under-feeding.

When the story opens the bells are being taken from the steeples to be melted down for munitions. The omen

**Das Rote Meer*. Von Clara Viebig. (Berlin: Egon Fleischel. 10m.)

is considered a bad one, and the growing oppression is well suggested. The two families have suffered no loss, but the fighting is always becoming intenser and doubt and fear of the final issue continually increase. The report is received that Rudolph, the eldest Bertholdi, has been killed in action. Annemarie is thus left a widow, like her friend Lili Rossi, who had married an Italian officer before the outbreak of the war. The two women are thrown much more in each other's company. Lili falls in love with Heinz, the younger Bertholdi, who is an officer in the flying corps. Annemarie goes to stay at a watering place, the description of which forms an excellent study in German war-time psychology — the women anxious to have their attention diverted from the war and its horrors, the officers on leave desirous of nothing but to forget their experiences for a time in a mad rush of irresponsible pleasure.

Two men fall in love with Annemarie — a young officer and an older man, an industrial magnate of the Rhineland. Annemarie decides to accept the second. In the meantime the Bertholdi family, whose heroic struggle with the growing hardships is well depicted throughout, receive the news that Heinz has lost his sight. This is shortly before the retreat and the beginning of the end. He comes home and decides that, although he had come to love Lili, he cannot marry her in consequence of his blindness. But she insists that this makes no difference to her affections, and the two are formally betrothed. Then comes the Revolution; and a vivid picture is given of the events in Berlin, where Lili and Heinz happen to be out walking. After an encounter with a crowd of rioters,

who wish to tear off Heinz's marks of his rank until they perceive that he is blind, the two go home; and the novel ends on the note of sentiment.

*Der neue Blaubart** is a story of a Graf who lived in a villa in the Italian Alps with his daughter Leocardia. After the death of the child's mother he has a succession of love adventures. One of these, with an inn-keeper's daughter, results in the girl's suicide and the naming of the Count 'the new Bluebeard.' He grows old, his beloved Leocardia marries the son of a friend of his youth, and he is left alone. 'He who had so often deserted is himself at last deserted.' The most remarkable feature of the book is not the rather monotonous story, but the occasional passages of description of landscape.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT, in spite of the great fame she has attained not only as the creator of so many diverse characters on the stage, as well as in the capacity of theatrical manager, painter, and sculptor — she has exhibited at the Salon with success — now appears in yet another rôle. Her memoirs are well known to the public, but it is as a novelist that she now makes her début in the pages of *Excelsior*. The first chapter of her first novel, *La Petite Idole*, gives a graphic picture of a young girl seeking to choose her own career. It is understood that the succeeding chapters will deal with bygone but arresting figures which, though they left the world's stage more than half a century ago, are still of arresting interest, in the persons of men of the world, actors, men of letters diplomats, and artists.

* *Der Neue Blaubart*. Von Georg Freiherr von Ompteda. (Berlin; Egon Fleischel. 6m.)

[*Manchester Guardian*]
AMERICAN PATIENCE

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

I HAVE been only three months in the United States, and I have seen little of them outside New York, Chicago, a few cities in the Northeastern States, and a few patches of open country. Some rapid travelers, with no greater acquaintance, can express their opinion of the American people decisively and with entire confidence. But for me it would be as absurd to generalize about Americans as to generalize about Europeans after three months in Paris and Marseilles. I can only say that I leave this continent with peculiar regret. I have found the men and women there so polite, so friendly, so ready to please and to be pleased. I have found them so companionable, so free from care, so casual about business, so indifferent to the daily worries of making a livelihood or maintaining a social position. To me they have seemed to possess all the fine qualities essential for human intercourse.

I do not know for certain to what these delightful characteristics are due. Partly, I suppose, to carelessness about money in a society where the line between rich and poor fluctuates so rapidly, and where 'Quickly come, quickly go' is answered by 'Quickly go, quickly come again!' Wealth is sometimes hereditary here, but no one seems to take any special pride in belonging to a parasite family which lives upon other people's work from one generation to another. The barriers and entanglements of 'family' hardly exist. They are not barbed as they were in Germany before the war,

and as I suppose they are still in England to-day. Social equality is unconsciously assumed, and courtesy between rich and poor is thought no miracle. There is a higher standard, not of special, but of general education than in our country, and the custom of educating boys and girls together removes shyness (a frequent cause of bad manners), though it is said to reduce the romance and passion which are the staple subjects of English and French novels and sentimental plays.

I have not found it true that American women are much better educated and more intellectual than the men. Nor have I found that they spend their days in shopping, eating candy, and listening to lectures, while the men are toiling to death in the city's tumult. The men do not toil to death any more than in other countries, though they make more tumult about it. And the women are not in comparison more intellectual. The difference between men and women is much the same as in the rest of the world. But it is true that both men and women will listen to more lectures than the English will, and with greater patience.

This patience is partly due to American politeness, but partly to a lingering belief that if a lecturer comes from Europe he can diffuse a culture which it would be 'colonial' or 'provincial' not to absorb. One must remember, too, that lectures take the place of political meetings, which are not so common as in England, and are not characterized by any special knowl-

edge, or by any humor beyond irrelevant anecdotes. But there are deeper reasons.

The American people are by nature patient, by nature obedient. One reads patience and obedience in all manner of small details. Watch with what interminable patience the people will wait in queues. Watch their obedience to the police in traffic—the obedience of the foot-passengers waiting to cross, as well as the obedience of the drivers. Even a suicide will obey rather than risk a run. Or take the parks. In the Central Park of New York there is a large expanse of good grass among the outcropping rocks, yet I have never seen man, woman, or child venture to sprawl or even to walk on it. Perhaps it is forbidden by penalty, but I doubt if any penalty would keep the sprawlers in St. James's Park off. In a Pullman train there is sometimes one smoking carriage at the end. But if there is not, no one thinks of smoking except in the lavatory cupboards provided for men in each car, and usually crammed to suffocation with men washing and dressing as well as smoking. There is no place for a woman to smoke upon a train, and even in a restaurant or on a steamer a woman who smokes is stared at, and sometimes insulted.

Obedience to authority runs very deep here, and it is the more surprising when we remember the absence of control over the American child, who, as I noticed in a previous letter, is usually a tiresome, whining, and plaguey little 'terror.' By governors, officials, teachers, and lecturers obedience is naturally welcomed and esteemed, but I doubt if the American people gain by it. After all, it was through obedience that Germany fell, and other nations should take warning by so appalling an example; for obedience is young despotism's ladder. American obedi-

ence keeps Eugene Debs in prison for ten years — Eugene Debs, the Socialist leader, most innocent and lovable of men. Obedience keeps Mollie Steimer, the young pacifist girl, in prison for fifteen years. Obedience keeps Jim Larkin, the Irish Labor leader, in Danemora prison, where, I am told, the treatment is so hideous that his chief prayer is to be returned to Sing Sing before the state can accomplish its purpose of killing him. Obedience allows about a thousand political prisoners to be kept in prison under the Espionage Act (our D.O.R.A.'s ugly twin), though the war for which the Act was passed has been over twenty months. Among those prisoners there are said to be seventy conscientious objectors, and it is American obedience that keeps them there. Even D.O.R.A. has not been so relentless in malign injustice. That is because English obedience cannot be so securely counted upon, though we are still, as Burke said, a fierce people.

Why are Americans more patient, more obedient under oppression and injustice than their ancestors were? Why do they submit so quietly to what one of their own poets (one might say their only poet) called 'the never ending audacity of elected persons'? Perhaps it comes from the rigid habits inculcated by those depressing Pilgrim Fathers. Perhaps from the bygone habit of negro slavery, and the continued presence of millions from whom absolute obedience is still expected. Perhaps from the large intermixture of races — Jews, Slavs, Italians, and so on — who inherit little of our fierce temper, and have been accustomed for centuries to endure domination. The presence of these foreigners is to many also a constant source of fear, and fear is a great incentive to obedience.

When at least one quarter of a

country's population is of foreign descent, the main body of inhabitants (the '100 per cent Americans,' as one hears them called to satiety) are cautious of any change, and fear every opposition to official rule. They bear the ills they know — the Secret Police, shameless and avowed employment by government of *agents provocateurs* (called 'undercover informants' by their employers, and 'stool pigeons' by their deluded victims). They bear the atrocious system of keeping prisoners 'incommunicado' before trial, and the unspeakable abominations of 'the Third Degree.' To submission under these atrocities at the hands of the state fear reconciles a nominally free and democratic people.

Perhaps it is this fear of unknown change, that keeps the Americans patient also under their Constitution. The Constitution is to them the Ark of the Covenant, the Law of the Medes and Persians. Foreigners perceive it to be obviously obsolete — a form of government fairly well designed by predecessors of the French Revolution, but as much out of date as Washington's gilded sword. Yet, if I suggest the advantage of the melting-pot, or even the smallest change in the creaking old machine, I hear a gasp go round the circle as though I had committed the sin against the Holy Ghost. Yet, after all, the greatest danger to America's freedom — greater even than fear or the adoration of the constitutional idol — is space. The continent of the states is so vast that indignation cannot concentrate.

The government in Washington may impose injustice, but resistance to injustice cannot gather head. Seattle, San Francisco, and Los Angeles are too far from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia to muster their forces of indignation and to strike together. Each state, it is true, has its own gov-

ernment, and each government is as capable of injustice as any other form of government. But in each state the injustice may be thwarted, as was seen in the case of the Lusk Laws, passed at Albany for the State of New York, but vetoed amid general applause by the Governor of the State. When the central government's action affects the whole continent it is a harder matter to organize resistance. It is almost impossible for indignation to concentrate as it concentrates in London, and so 'that cold-hearted monster, the state,' as Nietzsche called it, goes unchecked and even uncriticized upon its way to the brutish 'standardization' of men and women.

But I will not end my visit to these hopeful and attractive people upon the note of criticism. Rather, as the shore fades in distance, I will dwell in memory upon my vision of the one place that above all others I longed to see in their country. For wandering among the woods that encircle Walden Pool, I thought only with grateful joy of the race which produced Thoreau, the patient lover of nature, the impatient rebel against the injustice of the state, who is to me the most lovable type of the American and of mankind.

[*The New Statesman*]

IMMODESTY: A MODEST ESSAY

THE cables from America told us the other day of a Catholic priest who refused to perform the marriage ceremony because he considered the bride was immodestly dressed. She accordingly had to go home and change her clothes, after which she was given the benefit of Christian marriage. It is difficult to read of such an incident without a smile. Yet the Puritanical priest is not an oddity among human beings. His convention of modesty

may be a shade different from that of other people, but the convention of modesty itself is practically universal. Everybody draws the line, as we say, somewhere. And everybody is shocked (or tickled) if other people do not draw the line in almost the same place.

No man would propose to live a hundred per cent in public. He instinctively lives a part of his life in secret. He is ashamed, in certain circumstances, of the gaze of his fellows, and he easily persuades himself that he has a duty to be so ashamed. He would even impose a decalogue of shame on other people, and he feels hostile to them if they do not accept the same standards as himself. Hence the iron law of decency. In the nineteenth century it was common to find men of letters denouncing the instinct of modesty. They felt that shame was being carried too far when a lady would offer you a limb of a chicken in fear of raising a blush by the use of the word 'leg,' and when the very legs of the table were, according to the anecdote, dressed in trousers.

The Puritanism that at one time fined even a husband and wife who were seen kissing in public, and that to the present day forbids a girl in a convent school to bathe her body as ordinary human beings bathe theirs, seems to most of us to make life unnecessarily evil — to invent sins where they do not exist. We call this sort of thing prurience, and with some justice. An excessive passion for modesty is more likely to be the outcome of a sense of sin than of innocence. The Puritans, we may take it, were stern, not because they were cold, but because they were susceptible to desire. If they had been as frigid as statues, they would have worried as little as statues about what to wear. Angels, we may be sure, have no modesty. There would be very little modesty if

it were not for sex and the temptations of sex. The saying that to the pure all things are pure is perfectly true. It is untrue only on the lips of those who follow the cult of Peeping Tom, and wish to justify themselves with a text of Scripture.

Saints are not so easily shocked as suburbans. If once human beings ceased to look on each other as objects of desire, it would not matter twopence whether they dressed like ballet-girls or like Plymouth Brethren. As it is, our views on dress are bound to vary according to whether we regard desire as an admirable or a reprehensible thing. Among the religious during certain periods the dominant attitude has been one of absolute hostility to desire. They have proclaimed that both for man and woman the ideal life is one of virginity. It was only logical that people who took this view should regard the body as a temptress, and should see to it that it must dress itself up in no vain allurements. Not for them the body armed with ornaments — with hair, and neck, and breast, and wrist, and ankle bright with precious metals and jewels. Rather the body was the skeleton in the cupboard, and must on no account be allowed to stray into the wardrobe. It was but earthly matter carrying and incidentally defiling the golden burden of the immortal soul. It was a waste of time even to wash such an object. The great thing was to cleanse the soul and leave the body to its filth.

Many Christians deliberately abstained from physical cleanliness as a symbol of their contempt for the flesh which is grass and withers like the grass. For them the soul and the body stood in eternal opposition, and to love the one was to hate the other. The body, indeed, was only the Devil's trap for the soul. The happiest moment of their lives would be the mo-

ment of their escape from it. Men and women who regard the body in this light are not likely to become enthusiastic students of *Femina* or *Vogue*.

So extreme a philosophy, however, cannot easily become general. If it did there would be a speedy end to the human race. The average man, even at the worst of times, believes that life is worth living, and refuses to believe that the body, which is the means of life on this planet, can be altogether evil. He recognizes, however, that it must be kept in some kind of order—that it is a greedy, unruly, and unprincipled creature—and that to yoke it to the purposes of the soul is the most difficult problem set to any human being. He believes in the excellence of desire, but not of promiscuous desire. He discovers that to be a lover necessitates selection and fastidiousness. He may not put it to himself in these terms, but his jealousy is the proof that he feels it in his heart. His instinct is to guard the woman he loves from other men; it causes him no delight to see her flirting with them or provoking them. Hence the secret life of the harem in the East. This perhaps represents the highest pitch that modesty has yet attained among men not saints. It probably has its origin in man's ancient fear that his wife might be carried off by force by another man. He likes women to be modest as a safeguard against abduction. He forbids her to go abroad without a veil in the wicked world. But this is not the end of his modesty as a lover. Love, it has been said, is a solitude of two, and it is a human instinct to preserve this solitude as nearly inviolable as possible. Lovers shrink from embracing one another too ardently in public. This may not be the case among certain classes in northern countries, but it is true of southern countries and of fastidious people

everywhere. 'Travelers from Italy,' we are told, 'look upon the caresses in public of legally united couples in Germany and illegally united couples in France as in the highest degree disgusting, provocative, and indecorous.' The convention of modesty varies from country to country, but the convention itself is, as we have said, universal. In Japan, people are not so easily shocked as they are in England by the sight of a naked body in real life, but they are said to be more easily shocked by the sight of a naked body in a picture. Even in the same country the convention of modesty varies from hour to hour.

In England, a dress which shocks nobody at a dinner-table would shock everybody who is capable of being shocked at a luncheon-table. A woman dare not dress for church as she dresses for the theatre. It would be immodest for her even to go to church without a hat. This may not survive as a convention of modesty, but it is said to have originated as a convention of modesty, when it was believed that woman's hair was an allurements to evil spirits. We have written so far, perhaps, too much on the assumption that modesty is a convention imposed from without by jealous males. But it may be that woman is modest chiefly not under external compulsion of this sort but in self-defense. She lives not in fear of her lover but in fear of her suitors. One of Meredith's characters has spoken of woman as the last of the animals to be tamed. Woman instinctively knows that man is the last of the animals to be tamed. This may not induce modesty in a Helen, but it induces it in a Penelope.

The average woman, one is told by authorities on the subject, however, is both Helen and Penelope. She at once invites suitors and flies from them. Her problem is at one moment to at-

tract them and the next to get rid of them. She wavers undecidedly between the flirt and the Puritan. She hurries from the shrine of Artemis to that of Aphrodite and back again. She does not wish to bind herself as a slave to either goddess. Her dress in Christian countries to-day is the result of a compromise between the two worshipers. It is as modest as is consistent with provocativeness; it is as provocative as is consistent with modesty. Sometimes it exceeds in one direction, sometimes in the other. In one season we have dressmaking of the school of Aphrodite, running more and more to extremes, till ordinary people are shocked. In the next season the school of Artemis prevails, till among ordinary people a reaction sets in against prudery.

Anatole France, in *Penguin Island*, suggests that the purpose of women's dress is an immodest one. This is too simple an explanation. It is undoubtedly to modesty that we owe the origin of dress, and, though human beings quickly found that it was capable of being adapted to immodest uses, we continue to dress mainly because we are modest to-day. Our clothes — at least, women's clothes — express admirably our irresolute attitude to sex. As a race, we are still wondering, after thousands of years, whether it is a blessing or a curse. The question will probably never be decided on this planet. A few doctrinaires on both sides will no doubt think they have decided it. But the average man will never finally know. He will seem at one time to be exalted into a god as a result of it — at another, to be a victim for the sacrifice. The truth is, sex, like any other aspect of physical life, is in itself neither good nor evil. One might as well try to label electricity an absolute good or an absolute evil. Sex, like electricity, may be a means

of fuller life or a means of wasting life. Hence, in the religious books, the frequent combination of a low view of woman and a high ideal of marriage.

In the circumstances, it is not surprising that the instinct of modesty should express itself in contradictory and topsy-turvy ways. It is a topsy-turvy world inhabited by people with topsy-turvy brains. In some parts of the world a woman is ashamed to let her mouth be seen; in another part her nose; in another part her elbow; in another her ankle. Among the Arabs, we are told, women feel less shame in unveiling their faces than in letting the backs of their heads be seen. It is obvious that an extreme orthodoxy of shame of this kind must prevent anything like easy social intercourse between the sexes. If shame is only carried far enough, there is nothing for it but that human beings should live in isolation as hermits.

'Modesty,' it has been said, 'is the outcome of shame at the animal within us.' But, in suppressing the animal, there is always the danger that we may also suppress the human being. On the other hand, a certain shame of the animal in us seems to be an indispensable necessity of civilization, refinement, and freedom. No man who behaved as shamelessly as an animal would be admitted into any of our houses. Minor artists occasionally revolt against shame, but without shame man might as well live in a pigsty, and he would produce as little art as if he lived in a pigsty. His struggles with the pig have alone enabled him to become a Shakespeare and a Beethoven. Modesty is even more necessary to him than the habit of washing his hands. It is a means of purifying his emotions, of civilizing his habits. He is instinctively aware of this when he questions the right of certain themes to be treated in the arts.

Man looks exceedingly foolish when he is over-modest. But over-immodesty is no cure for his folly. If he is wise, he will be modest, but he will not allow his modesty to weigh him down any more than he will allow his clothes to wear him down. A man

should be comfortably modest, just as he should be comfortably dressed. And a woman should be a little more so. . . .

The solution of problems of this kind, you will see, is extraordinarily simple.

[*The National Review*]

A CASUAL CAUSERIE

(*In Prose and Verse*)

BY AUSTIN DOBSON

Tidying Up

AMONG the little miseries of book life is the unaccountable (and exasperating) disappearance of some volume on which — as it chances — you are engaged, and which you have observingly enriched with *marginalia*. It is possible your working books are not methodically arranged; but, at all events, they are not absolutely strewn in 'nests' about the floor, as were those of the 'unparalleled Peiresc,' or stacked away in fireplaces and up chimneys, like the unconsidered purchases of a recently-deceased patron of the second-hand booksellers. Yet, in some spring-cleaning overturn, or pitiless 'tidying-up' by the neat-handed but indiscriminate handmaid of the moment, your treasure has gone — and apparently gone beyond recall.

There is nothing for it but to borrow a circulating-library copy, which will, of course, be *en lecture*, or to advertise through some authorized channel — of necessity a matter of time. And, as sayeth Hippocrates unanswerably,

and, indeed, obviously, 'Life is short.' . . . Here, fortunately, one is generally interrupted by a welcome feminine voice: 'Is not this the little old book you were asking for? We found it on the shelf in the back-room, between the *Cook's Oracle* and the *Whole Duty of Man*. I believe Martha puts all works of a size together!' Precisely. That is Martha's reading of the law of order.

An Old-Time Memento

There lie before me two battered copper medals on which sundry burnished and irregular bosses serve to represent the half-dozen ships employed by Edward Vernon, Esq., vice-admiral of the Blue, in the taking of Portobello, 'according to plan.' This fortunate triumph over the 'whiskered Dons' occurred on November 22, 1739, and it is curious to note how its 'revival of British glory' seems to have caught on with the depressed lieges of George the Second. For a space, the admiral's head (until it was supplanted by that of the hero of Culloden)

figured on endless inns and posting houses, and the story of Portobello became a household word. Fifteen years after date, in a corner of Hogarth's *Canvassing for Votes*, a barber and cobbler are still discussing the subject with the aid of a quart-pot and some broken bits of tobacco-pipe, much as Oglethorpe explained the Siege of Belgrade to Boswell and Johnson after dinner, or 'Lieutenant Esmond,' in the Haymarket, *aliquo mero*, made Blenheim a reality to Messrs. Addison and Steele.

When John Howard went a-touring in the prisons, he found the game of 'portobello' as favorite a recreation with the convicts he visited as skittles or mississippi; and it is also notable that at a dinner given in London to celebrate Vernon's victory, Henry Carey first sang 'God Save the King.' Finally, the name of Portobello survived for many years on a long-existent tavern in St. Martin's Lane, a few doors north of the church, and not unknown to George Borrow. For the original sign of this Hogarth's friend, Peter Monamy, the marine-painter, made a popular picture of Vernon's flagship, the *Burford*.

Dickens and La Bruyère

'Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery.' I always thought this prudential proposition was the exclusive property of our old friend Wilkins Micawber (*David Copperfield*, chap. xii). But it is plain now that it must have been what Piron would have called a '*rol d'avance*' by an earlier writer. Listen to La Bruyère, '*Celui-là est riche qui reçoit plus qu'il ne consume; celui-là est pauvre dont la dépense excède la recette.*' That I am not the

Columbus of this coincidence I cheerfully confess; it is borrowed from Mr. Edmund Gosse's *Three French Moralists*, 1918, p. 93.

Errata: An Eclogue

Author

This text is not what it should be.
There are some strange mistakes I see
I must have missed. For who, right-witted,
Would dream of putting 'filled' for 'fitted'?
Or 'light' for 'tight'? Or 'sleep' for 'steep'?
— Such things would make the angels weep.

Publisher

That is so. Still they *do* occur
To the most proved artificer.
You must have failed to cross your 't's':
GENIUS is prone to that disease!

Author

True. And sometimes, by accident,
The blunder betters what was meant!
But tell me. What is my position?
Correction? In a new edition?
— Those 'new editions' have a knack,
Unhappily, of holding back. . . .

Publisher

That is because men take more pains
To feed their bodies than their brains;
Or else because they really care
For little but the lighter fare;
And then — though this is poor relief —
The life of modern books is brief.
— We'll paste in an 'Errata' slip. . . .

Author

Which none will look at but to skip.
No: the misfortune must be gulped,
Until the masterpiece is . . . pulped!

A Dilatory Poet

Touching blunders which better the meaning, the *locus classicus* is Malherbe's verses on Mlle. du Périer. The original 'copy' ran:

*'Et Rosette a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin.'*

The printer put: '*Et rose, elle a vécu,*' etc., and made the lines — to French taste — imperishable. Hard-hearted biography, however, has insisted that

the lady's name was Marguerite, and the story is probably apocryphal. But it is surely piquant that it should be related of the most fastidious of word-smiths. Malherbe, it is said, would use half a ream of paper in polishing a stanza, and once undertook to console the President of Verdun for the death of his wife. But by the time the promised ode was finished, the President, having religiously performed the prescribed period of mourning, had consoled himself by marrying again. The poet had taken three years to elaborate his deep-drawn 'melodious tear'!

Staircase-Wit

If you fail to understand a joke within twenty-four hours, your symptoms indicate sluggish apprehension; if ten days should elapse, and you are still in the dark, you require professional aid. But your case is not beyond hope. As Isaac d'Israeli is careful to point out, slow-mindedness does not, of necessity, mean dullness. In this connection he cites the Jansenist Nicole, who said of a more ready rival, 'He vanquishes me in the drawing-room, but surrenders to me at discretion on the stairs.' (*The Literary Character*, Ed. 1839, p. 136.) This is what the French call '*l'esprit de l'escalier*.'

A Disputed Maxim

One of the most acrid (and certainly most familiar) distillations of La Rochefoucauld's axiom-alembic is the famous '*Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas*.' (*Maximes*, 1665, No. 99.) Swift, though taking this at its face value as 'too base for human breast,' nevertheless paraphrased it (not very happily) as the text of his wonderful verses on his own death. Chesterfield, however, professes to defend it literally in a

letter to his son of September 5, 1748. 'And why not?' asks his lordship ingenuously. 'Why may I not feel a very tender and real concern for the misfortune of my friend, and yet at the same time feel a pleasing consciousness at having discharged my duty to him, by comforting and assisting him to the utmost of my power in that misfortune?' The best answer to this tongue-in-cheek sophistry is that La Rochefoucauld, probably under the mellowing influence of Mme. de La Fayette, suppressed this particular utterance in his later editions. But it has taken rank, not the less, as an '*irrevocable verbum*.'

On Taking Pains

'Perfection is not a trifle'

MICHAEL ANGELO

'T is sheer fatuity to spend your time
In fitting furbelows to toys of rhyme;
But — if you must — be sure your verses scan
And make your work as faultless as you can.

Index-Learning

Among the short cuts adopted by would-be 'scholars and wits,' who seek to escape 'the fatigue of reading or of thinking,' Swift (*Tale of a Tub*, Section VII) sardonically includes 'A thorough insight into the index by which the whole book is governed and turned.' Nevertheless, index-learning, as the Dean's friend, Pope, seems to admit (*Dunciad*, I, 279), has its advantages. It undoubtedly 'holds the eel of science by the tail.' Despire it, if you will; but meanwhile, as an alternative, take occasional brisk (and profitless) exercise in an uncatalogued library! Many good books call urgently for this helpful clue to their unplumbed contents; and to leave them without it is to deserve the '*peine infamante*' of La Bruyère.

(N.B.—Theoretically, the best per-

son to prepare the index to a book is the author. But, in practice, he is often the worst!)

Dictionary-Readers

It is easy to speak disparagingly of what does not appeal to us; and I confess to have formerly sympathized with the matter-of-fact matron who complained that, in dictionary reading, she found the story somewhat disconnected. The practice, nevertheless, has its votaries, even among the *sommités littéraires*. I knew, of course, from Mrs. Sutherland Orr that Browning enlarged his poetic vocabulary by a diligent study of Johnson; but I regarded this as the inevitable and negligible exception to the rule. I now discover — on the unimpeachable authority of Lord Rosebery — that Chatham boasted he had been twice through Bailey, and would only say I trust it was not the *folio* of 1736, with which I have a respectful bowing acquaintance. On equally good evidence, I also find that Ruskin assured the late Sir James Murray that he read the first part of the *Oxford English Dictionary* from beginning to end. (His subsequent explorations are unreported.) 'R.L.S.,' too, seems seriously to have advocated the occasional perusal of dictionaries by writers in order to enable them to 'weave into the tissue of their language fresh and forgotten strands'; and this penitential practice, though not for the same purpose, must have been the habit of that eminent historian of civilization, H. T. Buckle, of whom it is pleasantly recorded that, returning a book which had been submitted to him, he cheerfully declared that it was one of the few dictionaries he had *read through* with any enjoyment! This, however, may be a mere *coq-à-l'âne*. In any case, these are by no means exemplars to be neglected. (Some of the foregoing particulars are

borrowed (with apologies) from *The Periodical*, vol. iii, No. 53, p. 46.)

For a Volume of Essays

Here, with little variation,
Comes another 'cold collation.'
Naught, indeed, the taste to tickle —
Coan lees, or roes in pickle;
No comparison between a
Severn lamprey and murena;
Nothing to derange the peptics
Of the scholars or the skeptics —
Only useful antiseptics!
Naught for Bacchus, naught for Venus —
Nothing that Nasidienus*
Howsoever at a loss for
Novelty, could find a sauce for;
Naught, in short, to please the palate
But the dressing of the sallet!

If you care for such-like dishes,
Take it — with my best good wishes!

Pictures That Think

Both Lamb and Fielding refer to pictures that think. Pictures that *speak* is intelligible as an accepted if exaggerated commonplace, and no doubt many artists, old and new, are wonderfully skilful in reproducing the conventional contortions which accompany violent emotions. But 'pictures that *think*!' Of how many can it be said that they really suggest the required mental condition? A clever critic once observed of a popular novelist that few writers had better painted the inside of certain characters — adding precautiously 'so far as there is any inside.' It can scarcely be that 'insides' are extinct; but, for the moment, I can recall but one example of a 'thinking picture,' and that, in all probability, only because a print of it hangs close at hand. It is Meissonier's *Lecture chez Diderot*.

Diderot is reading one of his *Salons* to a group of his friends, whose attitudes, deferential, judicial, amused or indifferent, are admirably diversified and discriminated. One can almost

*Hor. Sat. ii. 8: *Ut Nasidieni*.

hear the mechanical drum-tap of the reader's forefinger on the table as he rounds off his measured periods. But there is more behind. His auditors are not merely 'at attention,' but they are attending: and the two central personages surely exhibit the prescribed quality at its best. It would, I fancy, be difficult to give a better outward idea of an intellectual effort than Meissonier has contrived to convey into these most intent and intelligent faces. (The original picture, painted in 1859, is in the Rothschild Collection at Paris.)

Epigrams of the War

Daylight-Saving

Men change the Hour, but not the Dial;
That stands the test of every trial;
For, happily, not e'en the Hun
Can hope to terrorize the sun.

The Gourmand's Lament

The reason is not far to seek
Why Life has little zest:
'T is 'Meatless Day' two days a week,
And 'Eat less' all the rest!

Food-Control

The balanced mind is ne'er at strife
With merely minor ills of life:
The only wrong it really feels
Is the suppression of its meals!

The Citizen of the World

Bacon, in his thirteenth *Essay* ('Of Goodnesse,' etc.) writes: 'If a Man be Gracious and Curteous to Strangers, it shewes he is a Citizen of the World.' I once thought Goldsmith must have taken the title of his reprinted *Chinese Letters* from this; but I see he need not have gone so far a-field. For the expression is to be found in Addison's *Spectator*, No. 69, on the Royal Exchange: 'I . . . fancy my self like the old Philosopher, who upon being asked what Country-man he was, replied, That he was a Citizen of the World,'—the 'old Philosopher' referred to being Diogenes the Cynic.

Goldsmith, however, may well have had neither Bacon nor Addison in mind, for in Lien Chi Altangi's Letter XXIII he quotes the words as if they were in common use.

A Goldsmith Illustrator

The name of Goldsmith naturally recalls that of one of the most successful of his illustrators, Hugh Thomson, whose premature death at fifty-nine has recently been recorded (May 7th). I had the privilege of his friendship for more than five and thirty years; and our intercourse, often interrupted by circumstance, was never broken or clouded. One of his recent eighteenth-century silhouettes represented Goldsmith issuing, in pompous full-dress, from Mr. Filby's shop at the 'Harrow' in Water-lane; and when we last met, a few months ago, he quitted me with the intention of bringing some fresh examples of his skill in this kind on his next visit—which, alas! was never to be. Again, one of his tail-pieces for the *Vicar of Wakefield*, 1890, was a pen-and-ink sketch of Goldsmith's favorite chair and cane, now in the South Kensington Museum—a sketch which I still preserve, carefully pasted in William Hawes's *Account of the Late Dr. Goldsmith's Illness*, 1774.

Mr. Thomson was, in truth, one of the most delightful artists of our day, a genuine humorist and a book-illustrator of infinite resource and variety. He was extremely attentive to locality and costume, and, as stated in the *Times*, had 'a happy talent for drawing people in eighteenth-century clothes as if they were not at a fancy dress ball.'

But he was far too original to be classed as a book-illustrator alone; and, for my part, I liked him most when he was most exclusively and unmistakably himself. I feel sure he was most at ease when he could escape from

the restrictions of an unstimulating text into the freakish freedom of a chapter-heading, or a dainty *cul-de-lampe*, in which he could exhibit a ghostly chairman inviting a ghostly fine lady to the shelter of a battered Sedan, or find pretext for some of those exquisite 'bits of scenery' (from Wimbledon Common) in which sagacious criticism at once discovered the authentic environment of *Cranford*. He possessed Hogarth's sense of the dramatic significance of detail; and his unfettered fancy was a bank where he had, apparently, an irreducible balance.

Many of his performances in this way are little masterpieces of playful finesse. Of the color-work of his latter days (when color-work became the fashion); of his beautiful book-covers; and of his admirable efforts as a topographer and landscapist in the 'Highways and Byways' series, others, with larger opportunities, may be left to speak. But to what I have said elsewhere* I may add that, in whatever he did, he worked, as Carlyle enjoined, 'in the spirit of the Artist,' and, whether the occasion were great or small, conscientiously gave his whole powers to his task.

Of his attractive personality I can here do no more than add a few salient traits. He was a most agreeable and exhilarating companion — an excellent talker and an attentive listener. His letters were charming; and when he commended what he liked, he had the fortunate faculty of adding some touch of intelligent insight which lifted his words above the level of formal compliment. He was 'modest exceedingly'; but his modesty was unfeigned, not a mere affectation or a professional attitude. He was a truly loyal and affectionate friend. Mindful of the liberty of others and of his own dignity

— he fully realized Livy's definition of a gentleman. His place, to those who knew him, can never be filled.

Writing One's Self Down

Bentley was apparently the first to put this idea into circulation. When Dr. Sprat (Bishop of Rochester) met him in the *Phalaris* days, circa 1697, he bade him not be discouraged by the attacks on 'that noble piece of criticism (the *Answer* to the Oxford Writers).' Bentley replied: 'Indeed, Dr. S., I am in no pain about the matter. For I hold it as certain, that no man was ever written out of reputation but by himself.' (Birkbeck Hill, *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, 1887, v, 274 n.) In the *Free-Holder* for May 7, 1716, Addison says: 'There is not a more melancholy Object in the Learned World than a Man who has written himself down'; and he goes on to suggest that his Friends and Relations should 'keep him from the use of Pen, Ink and Paper, if he is not to be reclaimed by any other Methods.' A modification of this passage was employed by Thomas Edwards as the epigraph to those excellent *Canons of Criticism* in which he dissected Warburton's egregious emendations of Shakespeare.* It may be added that Johnson quoted Bentley approvingly to Boswell at Skye in October 1773. (*Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, 2nd ed., 1785, p. 338.)

Herder on Authorship

'With the greatest possible solicitude avoid authorship. Too early or immoderately employed, it makes the head waste and the heart empty; even were there no other worse consequences. A person who reads only to print, in all probability reads amiss; and he who sends away through the pen and the press every thought, the

* *De Libris*, 1911, p. 109.

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* *National Review*, September 1917, pp. 71-85.

moment it occurs to him, will in a short time have sent all away, and will become a mere journeyman of the printing-office, a compositor.* With the original German of this passage, translated as above in a note, Coleridge concludes Chapter xl of the *Biographia Literaria*. The chapter is headed, 'An affectionate exhortation to those who in early life feel themselves disposed to become authors'; and its beginning, middle, and end converge (he says) to one charge: '*Never pursue literature as a trade.*' It is curious that this monition should have been prompted by Laureate Whitehead's *Charge to the Poets*, 1762, which contains the couplet:

'If Nature prompts you, or if friends persuade,
'Why write, but ne'er pursue it as a trade';

and further inculcates the choice of some soberer province as a business:

'Be that your helmet, and your plume the Muse' — words which find their counterpart in Coleridge's: 'Be not *merely* a man of letters! Let literature be an honorable *augmentation* to your arms, but not constitute the coat, or fill the escutcheon!' 'Few fortunes have been raised by lofty rhyme,' writes Whitehead subsequently; and the words were confirmed of Coleridge himself in one of his latest letters. 'I have worked hard, very hard, for the last years of my life, but from Literature I cannot gain even *bread*.' (Dykes Campbell's *Life*, 1894, p. 240.) With this lamentable utterance may be compared the equally significant statement of Robert Browning, drawn up March 23, 1880, nine years before his death, in answer to the tax-collector who had applied to him for particulars as to his 'profits from literature.' Among other things, he says that he had worked his hardest for 'almost fifty years with no regard to money.' The long letter con-

taining this remarkable admission was printed in the *Daily Chronicle* for April 28, 1913.

To a Lady

That was a mournful man who said —
'*Speak well of me when I am dead,*'
For one may fairly those forgive
Who like their laurels while they live . . .
Because I take this saner view,
Chloe, I send my songs to You.

The Law of Restraint

'*Le secret d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire.*'
VOLTAIRE, *VIe Discours, sur l'Homme*, 172

A success or a failure may lie in a touch;
But the sure way to tedium is saying too much!.

Aura Popularis

'*La popularité? C'est la gloire en gros sous.*'
VICTOR HUGO, *Ruy Blas*, iii, 5.

The standard of praise is when true judges join;
But the cry of the crowd is renown in base coin.

'A Dormitive to Bedward'

'Sitting with Madame D'Arblay some weeks before she died, I said to her, "Do you remember those lines of Mrs. Barbauld's *Life* which I once repeated to you?" "Remember them!" she replied; "I repeat them to myself every night before I go to sleep."' (Table Talk of Samuel Rogers, 1856, pp. 179-80.) They are as follows:

Life! We've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'T is hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
— Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not Good-Night — but in some brighter
clime
Bid me Good-Morning.

From the *Diary of Henry Crabb Robinson* (1869, vol. i, pp. 226-7) we also learn that he recited the same lines to his sister on her death-bed; and subsequently, by request, to Wordsworth in his sitting-room at Rydal. Wordsworth got them by

*J. G. v. Herder, 1744-1803.

heart; and Robinson heard him muttering to himself as he paced to and fro that he wished he had written them. They were composed by their author 'in extreme old age,' and are the last of a longer poem of which the *Golden Treasury* only gives the above and two initial couplets (No. CLXV).

[*The Telegraph*]

THE SHAMROCK'S DEFEAT

THE race for the America Cup is over. The hopes that, after an interval of nearly seventy years, the trophy would be brought back to this side of the Atlantic by Sir Thomas Lipton have not been fulfilled. The issue depended upon Tuesday's race over a straight course, fifteen miles each way, and Shamrock IV was defeated. It is many years since interest in the now famous international contest reached so high a point as on the present occasion. This is the first time during the long succession of efforts to recapture the Cup that the challenger had won two out of the five races, and the dead-heat last week tended still further to stimulate excitement among yachtsmen and others on both sides of the Atlantic. There was reason, too, to think that the challenger had much to hope from a wind which would embarrass the more lightly-built *Resolute*.

The postponement on Saturday, owing to the gale which was then blowing off Sandy Hook, was consequently a great disappointment to those who were convinced that in a stiff breeze Shamrock IV had the most likelihood of winning. The challenger, after all, was built as an all-weather boat, since, unlike the defender, she had to cross the Atlantic, taking her chance of seas and wind. But with a wind of 18 knots blowing, the Sailing Committee of the New York Yacht Club came to the conclusion that the course could not

be covered without risk of human life. They made the suggestion that, in view of the conditions, racing that day should be abandoned, and both skipper acquiesced. What many yachtsmen regarded as a favorable chance of Shamrock IV winning the deciding race was thus lost.

We do not suggest for a moment that the committee, in acting as they did exceeded their rights, or that Mr. Burton was too hasty in agreeing to the postponement. The judgment of the men on the spot must be respected, and Sir Thomas Lipton, on a full consideration of the facts, agreed with his skipper's instant concurrence with the committee's proposal. When, on Monday, the yachts met again, the weather conditions prevented a finish; and on Tuesday, with a fluky wind, in circumstances already described, *Resolute* came in ahead, thus winning three out of five of the completed races.

It is twenty-one years since Sir Thomas Lipton sent his first challenge across the Atlantic, and yesterday, wherever yachtsmen foregathered, sympathy was expressed with him that once more he should have failed in a quest which he has pursued with fine persistency in a spirit of consummate sportsmanship. His successive efforts were watched with peculiar interest. Yachting has been described as the sport of kings. From the time of Queen Elizabeth British Sovereigns have maintained yachts, and in 1662 Charles II, who was devoted to the pastime, himself steered his craft from Greenwich to Gravesend and back in a match with the Duke of York, who had brought over a Dutch-built vessel. King Edward VII did much to increase the prestige of yachting, and this year King George V has been afloat on the Clyde in the *Britannia*, accompanied by the Queen and Princess Mary.

Yacht racing still remains the sport

of kings, but not of kings only. It is, however, so expensive, and never more expensive than to-day, that only rich men can pursue it, except in a very modest way. We are reminded by Sir Thomas Lipton's pluck and perseverance of the former efforts to bring back the America Cup by Mr. James Ashbury, of Brighton, Sir Richard Sutton, and the Earl of Dunraven. When Lord Dunraven commissioned Mr. G. L. Watson to design Valkyrie III for a race in 1895, hopes ran high that the Cup would at last be 'lifted.' We need not recall the circumstances of the unfortunate contest which followed. The coveted trophy still remained in the United States.

Then a change occurred when Sir Thomas Lipton, whose name was as little known as a yachtsman as it was well-known to the man and woman in the street, took up the struggle. He had begun life very modestly in Glasgow, and by sheer force of character, industry, and perspicacity had built up a great enterprise, which then represented a new departure in the distributing trade. He was a man of the people, who owed nothing to birth or influence. We talk of the new age, when every man shall have equality of opportunity. But we may well ask whether, in the light of Sir Thomas Lipton's career, and that of hundreds of other leaders in industry, there is very much wrong with the system which exists to-day. It is all very well to rail at it, but criticism springs, as a rule, from want of clear thinking or defeated ambitions. At any rate Sir Thomas Lipton, having built up a great business, became the democratic representative of this country in successive attempts to win back the America Cup. His pertinacity and courage and good temper in face of repeated disappointments have won the admiration and respect of his fellow country-

men, who join in sympathy with him that he should have failed once more.

The ill-success of Sir Thomas Lipton postpones the pleasure which had been eagerly anticipated on this side of the Atlantic of welcoming American yachtsmen among us. If Shamrock IV had won we might indeed have witnessed in British waters a year hence a great race, recalling the memories of the contest in 1851, when America won the Cup. It is not without interest on the morrow of the deciding race off Sandy Hook to recall the events which led to the struggle for the trophy assuming an international character. In the middle of last century the conspicuous figure among American yachtsmen was Mr. J. C. Stevens, the Commodore of the New York Yacht Club. When it was apparent that the Cowes Week of 1851 would, owing to the holding of the Great Exhibition in London that year, be a yachting festival of unusual interest, he commissioned Mr. George Steers, the grandson of a Dartmouth shipwright, and therefore of the old breed, to design a yacht to compete in English waters. The racing schooner America thus came to be built and crossed the Atlantic.

Although the Queen's Cup was thrown open to all comers, Mr. Stevens did not enter America, as he declined to make the usual time allowance specified in the rules governing the race. As, however, he had devoted so much time and money to the fitting out of America, the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, like good British sportsmen, decided that the match for a cup offered by the club for a race round the Isle of Wight should be sailed without time allowance. Owing to a series of misfortunes, only five yachts finished the course, and America won by twenty-one minutes.

When going to the eastward, the yacht from the United States passed

inside the Nab, contrary to the regulations, but the objection, which was at once raised, was abandoned. There was no idea at that time that the race, arranged in these exceptional circumstances, would prove the forerunner to a series of international contests, focussing the attention of yachtsmen throughout the world. The Cup, however, was given to the New York Yacht Club as a challenge trophy. Never has hope been abandoned that some day the Cup would return to this country. Seventy years is no mean time even in the life of a nation, and we believe that many American sportsmen will sincerely regret that, after so long a struggle, the hopes of British sportsmen should have again been disappointed. But, though Sir Thomas Lipton has failed to win the Cup, his fellow countrymen have the satisfaction of feeling that he has accepted defeat in the spirit of one who knows 'how to play the game.'

As the result of the races which have been sailed off Sandy Hook this month, our prestige as sportsmen has been raised in the estimation of the American people, and it may be that Sir Thomas Lipton has done something to cement still further the ties which bind together the two great English-speaking nations. The hope of the world rests on Anglo-American amity, and if the races for the America Cup have promoted this sentiment, our regrets at the defeat of Shamrock IV will not be without substantial consolation.

[*The National Review*]

PROHIBITION IN ONTARIO, CANADA

BY THE BISHOP OF ONTARIO

IN view of the prominence which is being given at the present time to the question of the restriction of the liquor traffic in England, a description of the

inauguration and working of prohibition in Ontario, the oldest and most important province of English-speaking Canada, may be of some interest. It is true that conditions in Canada in this connection differ widely from those in England. Also, prohibition has not been sufficiently long in force to enable final conclusions to be reached. At the same time there will probably be some similarities wherever this problem presents itself for solution; and even the comparatively brief period during which this law has been in force in Ontario affords scope for certain observations not without a general value.

For the better understanding of this question, it should be stated at the outset that in Canada in general, and perhaps in Ontario in particular, the almost universal practice in England of taking wine or beer or some other alcoholic beverage at meals was never common, except in houses run on English lines and at clubs. The present writer, on first coming to Canada seventeen years ago, was greatly impressed by the fact that when dining at a large and popular hotel in Montreal scarcely any of the guests drank anything but water with their dinner. And this was equally true of hotels everywhere. But a roaring trade was done at the bars between times!

This practice, which seems peculiar to an Englishman, appears to have been a concession to a certain Puritan strain of public opinion which considered any use at all of alcoholic beverages, however moderate, a crime in itself. The result was that men usually consumed far more liquor than they probably would have done had they used it as an accompaniment to their meals, and the custom also tended to surround the whole practice of the use of alcoholic beverages with a furtiveness and discredit wholly

unknown in England. In the country districts of Ontario especially, this ordinary English view of the proper and rational use of alcoholic beverages is practically unknown. A man who at any time takes a glass of beer or wine or spirits 'drinks'—though his potations may be most moderate and infrequent and he may never have been the worse for liquor in his life. In the country, even those who keep it in the house seldom or never put it on the table. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule, and anyone visiting friends in any of the larger cities in Ontario would find the English custom prevailing in their homes and clubs, though since prohibition was enforced the latter are compelled to be 'dry.'

It should be observed also that climatic conditions, in Eastern Canada at any rate, do seem to lessen the need for stimulants. The extraordinarily clear and invigorating air, with the absence for the most part of fog and damp, together with the glorious sunshine which prevails during the greater part of the year, undoubtedly render alcoholic beverages less necessary. Many Englishmen even, who come to live in Canada, greatly reduce their use of stimulants, simply because they do not feel the need of them to the same extent. But, *per contra*, where the vice of excessive drinking does get hold of a man, it seems to destroy him more quickly and completely than in England.

Returning to the subject of this paper, temperance legislation has always been well to the fore in the Province of Ontario. Before and during the earlier years of the war the liquor traffic was administered under the Ontario Temperance Act (known as the O.T.A.), which, among other regulations, provided that any municipality or district could at any time submit a

local option plebiscite to its citizens, a two-thirds majority being necessary to carry prohibition. The wisdom of this provision, which prevented a bare majority from imposing their will upon their fellows, was amply proved by the fact that, though the question might be, and sometimes was, submitted again to the electorate after a certain period, a district which had once gone 'dry' very seldom became 'wet' again. The one marked imperfection of this system lay in the fact that 'dry' and 'wet' districts might exist side by side, so that it was easy for anyone living in the former to slip over to the latter and bring back with him as much liquor as he desired. Nevertheless, the number of 'dry' districts steadily increased, especially in the rural communities. The cities and towns, however, usually remained 'wet,' though in most of them the number of licensed houses was steadily reduced.

After the war had been in progress for some time the Provincial government, during the year 1916, enacted a measure establishing prohibition 'for the duration of the war.' They acted without any appeal to the people, as they judged, perfectly correctly, that they had the general public on their side. It was announced at the same time by the Premier that after the war was ended there would not be a return to pre-war conditions without the whole matter of the liquor traffic being submitted to the voters by way of a Referendum.

By this Act all bars and saloons were abolished. No hotels or clubs could sell alcoholic beverages. No wine or beer or spirits could be bought except on a doctor's prescription, which had to be taken to a government vendor to be filled, though chemists were allowed, if they so desired, to stock a certain amount of spirits and supply

them in small quantities, usually six ounces, to customers on a doctor's prescription. The amount a doctor could sign for on one prescription was fixed at one quart. To keep or use liquor except in one's own private dwelling-place was forbidden on penalty of a fine of \$200 (about £41) for the first offense. The manufacture of alcoholic beverages in the province was forbidden, with the exception of native wines, which possess a comparatively low percentage of alcohol, and these could only be procured in cases of not less than one dozen bottles from the manufacturers. In short, an attempt was made to clamp down the lid very tightly on the liquor traffic.

But there was for a time one loophole, which was at once made use of by many even of those who were strongly in favor of prohibition — for others! Inter-provincial trading cannot be forbidden except by the Federal government. The Province of Quebec had not 'gone dry.' At once, therefore, in Ontario the cellars of those who so desired, and had the wherewithal to indulge their desire, were heavily stocked with supplies from Montreal. The Express Companies had more business than they could handle, and there was a serious congestion in transportation. This haste to 'stock up' was accelerated by the certainty that the Federal government intended to pass an Order in Council (war measure) prohibiting inter-provincial importation for the duration of the war. This they soon did, and the loophole was stopped, but not before a number who could afford it had obtained supplies which they calculated would last for their lifetime, at any rate.

Such were the conditions when the war ended. An attempt was made on the one hand to have the Order in Council repealed as from the Armis-

tice, and on the other to have it prolonged for one year after the actual formal declaration of peace. Both attempts failed, and the government announced that the restriction would be withdrawn when peace was proclaimed and signed. Meanwhile the Ontario government proclaimed its intention of fulfilling its promise to submit the question of the regulation of the liquor traffic to the people by means of a Referendum. The framing of this was a matter of some difficulty. Any proposal to restore the pre-war O.T.A. was certain to be hopelessly defeated, as that would have meant the return of the saloon and bar, which, after a considerable experience of the improvement effected by their abolition, a large majority of the people did not wish to see restored. It was felt, however, by the government that there were other means of dealing with the question of liquor control short of Prohibition on the one hand, and the return of the former Act on the other. Accordingly, they determined to refer four questions to the people on which to vote, as follows:

1. Are you in favor of the repeal of the (present) Ontario (prohibition) Act? (The words in brackets are mine for explanatory purposes.)

2. Are you in favor of the sale of light beer containing not more than 2.51 per cent alcohol, weight measure, through Government agencies, and amendments to the Ontario Temperance Act to permit such sale?

3. Are you in favor of the sale of light beer containing not more than 2.51 per cent alcohol, weight measure, in standard hotels in local municipalities that, by majority vote, favor such sale, and amendments to the Ontario Temperance Act to permit such sale?

4. Are you in favor of the sale of spirituous and malt liquors through

government agencies, and amendments to the Ontario Temperance Act to permit such sale?

A vote for or against had to be given on all four questions, or the ballot was spoiled. But it was of course permitted to vote 'yes' on some questions and 'no' on others.

As soon as the government made their announcement, the prohibitionists formed an extremely strong Referendum Committee and began to conduct a vigorous and exceedingly well organized campaign to persuade the people to vote 'no' to all four questions. They conducted house-to-house canvasses throughout the province and spent upwards of £20,000 in propaganda. The Dominion Alliance and other bodies also spent considerable sums for the same purpose. A Citizens' Liberty League to work on the other side was started, but was unable to accomplish much, many people who in reality sympathized with their aim being unwilling to join them openly, because of the charges of unchristian conduct and subservience to the 'liquor interests' which were apt to be leveled against those who were opposed to prohibition. The result of the voting, which took place on October 20th last, was as follows:

	No.	Yes.	Majority against
Question 1	792,942	369,434	423,508
Question 2	741,007	401,893	339,114
Question 3	755,933	386,680	389,253
Question 4	693,524	450,370	242,154

These figures seem at first sight very decisive in favor of prohibition, but they are not nearly so conclusive as they appear, for this reason: the convinced prohibitionists, who were a very considerable body and whose organization was extremely good, of course voted 'no' consistently on every question. They undoubtedly outnumbered

considerably those who voted 'yes' on every question. Consequently, a considerable proportion of the 'no's' on any of the four questions was made up of the votes of those who were not prohibitionists, but did not approve of the particular proposed regulation against which they voted. Thus a man who voted 'yes' to (let us say) question 4, and 'no' to the other three, gave in effect three votes towards prohibition to one against it. The government order that a vote must be registered on each question or the ballot would not be counted really imposed a heavy handicap upon the affirmative in any given question, though it was not intended for that purpose, but simply to ensure a decisive answer on each proposal. Some of those who voted 'yes' on all four questions did so, not because they really desired the restoration of the bar, but because they saw that only by voting four affirmatives could they make their vote effective. Had voters been allowed to affix 'yes' to the proposal or proposals they preferred, without being obliged to vote in the negative on the others, there is not the slightest doubt that the adverse majorities would have been greatly lessened. If the government had placed before the people the single question, 'Are you in favor of an amendment to the Ontario Temperance Act, substituting a system of strict government control of the liquor traffic for the practical prohibition now in force?' a clear issue would have been placed before the people, and those who do not believe in prohibition would not have been left, as they are now, with a rankling sense that they did not have quite 'a square deal.' It is worth noting that the largest adverse majorities were piled up in the country districts, where alcoholic beverages are used much less than

in the cities and towns. The women also exercised their vote for the first time, and are said to have had much to do with the defeat of each proposal.

The Provincial elections were held on the same day. The government had done all it could to further the cause of prohibition, but as a result of the polling it was almost wiped out of existence, only one Minister retaining his seat. The Premier, Sir William Hearst, himself an ardent prohibitionist, went down to defeat with the rest, and no doubt felt deeply this apparent ingratitude.

Till peace was proclaimed the province remained (more or less) 'bone dry.' Then, however, the Order in Council of the Federal government preventing importation of liquor from one province to another was automatically repealed. At once the rush to obtain supplies from Montreal began again. Large stocks are being laid in, and the Express Companies are once more busily engaged in the transportation of these supplies. Heavy prices are charged for the goods, but have had no effect in checking the demand.

Meanwhile the Federal government has passed legislation enabling any Provincial government to submit a Referendum to the people on the question whether they desire the right to import alcoholic beverages from another province to continue or to be abolished. A bill asking for such a referendum to be taken has been carried in the Ontario Legislature and the voting will take place shortly.

I do not believe myself that prohibition (so-called) is the best means of dealing with the terrible problem of drunkenness, and have so stated publicly. It appears to me that all the good results it accomplishes could be equally well effected by strict government regulation of the drink traffic, includ-

ing the closing of all bars and saloons, without the evils prohibition brings in its train. The view that any and every use of alcoholic beverages is wrong in itself, which was strongly pressed in the recent campaign in Ontario, and undoubtedly largely influenced the voting, appears to me to be inconsistent not only with common sense, but with the sacramental teaching of my Church, and indeed with the actions and practice of the Founder of Christianity. But having thus declared my own position, I will endeavor to set forth as impartially as possible the results so far of prohibition as we have it in Ontario.

In order to obtain first-hand information I submitted certain questions to two personal friends of mine — the Chief of Police in the City of Toronto, which is by far the largest city in Ontario, with a population of upwards of four hundred thousand, and the Police Magistrate of Kingston, my See city, which has about twenty-four thousand inhabitants. The conditions found in these two places may be considered typical. With regard to convictions for drunkenness the reduction has been very marked. The following figures speak for themselves:

	Toronto	Kingston
1916	9,639	262
1917	4,554	133
1918	3,433	101
1919	3,925	162

It will be noticed that there is a distinct upward curve in 1919. This increase is said to be largely due to the convictions of men returned from overseas who have not yet adapted themselves to the prohibitory law passed in their absence. The figures are rendered more striking by the fact that before the Act of 1916 came into force, as the Kingston magistrate informs me, a man was not arrested unless he was

'drunk and incapable' and convictions for a first offense were rarely enforced, whereas now any man showing the least sign of intoxication must be arrested and, on proof, convicted. Suspended sentence is officially prohibited.

In reply to the question, 'Has the expected diminution in crimes alleged to be due to drink been realized?' the Toronto Chief of Police answers: 'Crime directly attributable to drunkenness, such as wife-beating, petty thefts, etc., has considerably decreased, notwithstanding that crime of a more serious nature has largely increased, which may in a great measure be due to war conditions and other contributing causes.' The Kingston magistrate writes: 'There has been no such general reduction in crime as many had anticipated.' He sends figures which support his statement. Convictions for theft in 1919 are considerably higher than in 1915, for assault one more than in 1915. But convictions for vagrancy are reduced from 52 in 1915 to 9 in 1919.

Asked whether in their opinion the use of dangerous substitutes for liquor was prevalent and whether the drug habit had increased under prohibition, the reply from Toronto is that a habit of drinking vile liquor concoctions, such as green alcohol, bay rum, Florida water, and even shoe polish, has developed, with disastrous results to those who use such poison. About the drug habit nothing is said, but the Kingston magistrate writes that he has observed no proportional increase. Other reports, however, allege a dangerous increase in this vice.

As regards illicit drinking and breaches of the Act, the Toronto report states that evasions of the liquor law are not unduly numerous, but that there is a considerable contraband trade. A few illicit stills have been

seized, but their output was small. The Kingston figures show a distinct increase in convictions for infringement of the Act in 1919 as compared with 1916, when it was first enforced—69 as against 44. But the two intervening years registered 40 and 23 respectively.

As it was often alleged by the prohibitionists that while the regular 'old stagers' would no doubt by hook or crook continue in their evil career, prohibition would protect the younger men, I inquired whether the majority of convictions were of older men or 'habituals,' or whether younger men were among them. The Toronto Chief of Police writes: 'Habitual drunkenness has been reduced, as repeaters are less frequent in court, and the convictions are chiefly of men of mature years.' On the other hand, the Kingston magistrate reports that 'The convictions for drunkenness are not merely those of older men; the majority of those who used to appear before me for drunkenness, including the older men, are not appearing before me to-day. Those who are appearing are in the main younger and middle-aged men.'

Both my informants are convinced that the present Act has largely reduced drunkenness, and, with whatever drawbacks it may possess, is infinitely preferable to the old state of affairs. In answer to the question whether the same beneficial results could not have been obtained by the abolition of all bars and saloons and the placing of the liquor traffic under strict government regulation, my Toronto correspondent does not reply directly, but writes: 'The closing of the bar has been of the very greatest benefit to the community, young and old, particularly the former, who in days to come will have good reason to bless their predecessors for suppress-

ing the greatest curse in Canada. Having had the opportunity, during thirty-three years' experience as Chief Constable, of watching drunkenness and its effects in this city, I have no hesitation in saying that in my opinion Prohibition has been a success. I do not, however, support those who would go to extremes in this direction, but would favor some modification in existing regulations, if such could be devised, that would not impair the present Act so far as drunkenness is concerned, but would give more liberty to the great bulk of law-abiding citizens, who for no fault of their own have in the public interest to endure the restrictions imposed by the Temperance Act for the benefit of those who cannot control their appetite for too much strong drink.' The Kingston reply also does not quite meet my question. It reads: 'I do not think that the abolition of the bar would have accomplished as much as the present Act is doing, but I think it would have gone a long way towards effecting the same results. My personal view is that the abolition of the bar would have been far enough to have gone at one step, and that we would have eradicated the greatest evil — the influence of the saloon and the treating system. There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that the Act has been, *with all its deficiencies*, a great benefit.'

Both these replies are interesting, and may, I think, be fairly claimed to support my own position, which, as already stated, is that all the benefits which have accrued under the present Act would have been secured by the abolition of all bars and saloons *plus* strict government control of the liquor traffic, without the attendant evils of the present system. For it certainly has brought very glaring evils in its train, some of which are touched upon

by my correspondents, while others do not come within their purview.

In the first place, the law is constantly evaded. For every conviction there are large numbers not detected. It is notorious that a man can get almost anywhere in Ontario a supply of liquor, if only he is prepared to pay the price. There is the added evil that there can be no control over the vile stuff illicitly sold at a high price as whiskey. A medical friend of mine showed me a medicine bottle the other day which contained enough so-called whiskey in it to kill a couple of men.

Also, if a man is detected in an infringement of the Ontario Temperance Act, let us say for bringing a bottle of whiskey in his suitcase from Montreal to Kingston, and fined for the offense, so far from being looked upon as a criminal, he is apt to be condoled with, or at the worst laughed at, for his bad luck. The most respectable and law-abiding citizens would think no worse of a man detected in such an offense. This means that what the law considers and treats as a crime, quite respectable public opinion refuses to regard in the same light. This is a very dangerous condition of affairs, as it tends to bring all law into contempt.

In the next place, there is an extraordinary discrepancy between the penalty for drunkenness and that for infringement of the Act. Thus, if a man visits a friend, and, having consumed enough whiskey to make him intoxicated, is arrested on his way home, he will be fined \$10 (£2). But if, instead of drinking to excess from his friends' store, he accepted a small supply and took it home with him, he would, if detected with it on him, though perfectly sober, be fined \$200, or twenty times the penalty incurred for the crime of drunkenness, which, as Euclid would say, is absurd.

Then too, there is the temptation to

'informers,' who know they will receive a portion of the penalty, to become *agents provocateurs*. The Chairman of the Ontario Board of License Commissioners has publicly stated that the Board makes a practice of paying informers. Such a practice is most repugnant to British ideas. It also points to weakness in a law which finds such means necessary to secure its enforcement.

The regulation by which liquor can be obtained on a medical prescription is also open to abuse. The majority of doctors, being honorable men, are careful in the issue of such prescriptions. But if alcohol is needed as a medicine, it is somewhat hard on the person who requires it that he should have to pay the doctor two or three dollars for issuing the prescription, in addition to the price demanded for the goods by the government vendor. Unscrupulous medical practitioners have made large sums of money by their misuse of this privilege. The evidence of the Chairman of the Ontario Board of License Commissioners on this point was interesting. In stating that the government had made a profit of \$520,000 (upwards of £104,000) on the sale of liquor, he explained that 90 per cent of this business was done on doctors' orders for quarts, and 80 per cent of these were not actually needed. 'Some doctors,' he remarks, 'lack the backbone to offend customers, and give prescriptions when they are not needed. Others do it for money. Ninety per cent give no more than ten prescriptions a month, while the other 10 per cent bedevil the whole business.' He gave an instance of one doctor who issued 2005 prescriptions in a month, for which he charged two and three dollars, at which rate he would net a thousand pounds or so by simply signing his name so many times.

Another issued 487 prescriptions in one day. Forty doctors had been successfully prosecuted for issuing an excessive number of prescriptions.

To the ordinary man this system seems nothing less than a temptation to commit what amounts to perjury. And every time such a prescription is applied for and granted when it is not needed on strictly medical grounds, the moral sense of the individual and ultimately of the community is weakened.

There is also a widespread feeling that prohibition as seen in Ontario savors of class legislation. The rich man who has a large cellar and can afford the outlay has been able to provide himself with a supply sufficient for many years. The poor man could not do this, so he is in fact under prohibition, while his wealthier brother is not.

Taking all these facts into consideration, the present writer, who can claim a wide knowledge of both rural and urban conditions in Ontario, is convinced that a judicious system of state regulation, strictly enforced, by which the amount purchasable by any individual for any given period was carefully limited, and which imposed the severest penalties for drunkenness, would work far better than the present Act, and remove the abuses attached to it. Permits might perhaps be issued to individuals and withdrawn at once if misused. The stigma at present unjustly cast on the proper use of alcoholic beverages would disappear, and the morally harmful temptation to obtain liquor under a false pretense on a doctor's prescription would be done away with, as would also the present disastrous illicit trade in vile stuff, and the fatal use of poisonous substitutes, which has already caused the loss of several lives.

[The Nation]

THE NOVELS OF COUPERUS *

THE really significant fiction of to-day is not being written to amuse. It is taking a path that leads far enough from amusement, though possibly not so far away from joy, from whatever joy is to be obtained by self-realization, that is. For what is happening, especially perhaps in the Northern countries, is this: that a deliberate attempt is being made by the new writers to get closer and closer to an actual representation of what personal consciousness really is.

In other words, it is an effort to show you what it feels like, in Thackeray's phrase, to walk about under my hat. And this struggle to express what has hitherto escaped expression means, in the long run, that one must get into a new world, perhaps finally into a spiritual one.

This has not yet been realized in England because, in the first place, we do not take our fiction seriously, and in the second, we have had to depend mainly on the work of Miss Dorothy Richardson for this expression of consciousness. And Miriam of the *Tunnel* and *Pointed Roofs* is preëminently a being whose consciousness depends on the stimulus of sense appeals from the outer world. She moves here and there and 'things' speak to her; everything speaks to her, from air and color up to chance-caught phrases and chance-caught turns of the head. She knows, but she would know nothing if she were not perpetually tickled: there is in her as little continuity, as little self-dependence, as could well be imagined in any living creature of human species.

**The Twilight of the Souls*. By Louis Couperus. Dr. Adriaan. By Louis Couperus. (Heinemann. Each 7s. 6d. net.)

This erratic feather-fluttering looks like madness when it is applied to the touchstone of another sort of nature, one whose mental and emotional processes run on a thread and who can feel this thread through all the appeals of the senses. Miriam's consciousness is well realized: it is a series of blind runs here and there. But one says: that is not life as I feel it. Through my life there play great currents of feeling whose course I can generally trace, and without this sense I should not be 'I.'

It is this greater consciousness that one is aware of in Louis Couperus. Here is the method of Miss Richardson applied, not to a poor little isolated fire-fly who lives because she corresponds to color and light and to the personal emanations that surround her, but to a group of people whose consciousness is, at one and the same time, personal and group consciousness. It is consciousness, too, not on the physical or mental planes, but on what we are obliged to call spiritual, for want of a better word. These people of *The Book of the Small Souls* are not so much eaters, thinkers, and begetters, as inhabitants of a world where knowledge is direct and perception certain, being neither derived nor deduced. Here we really have 'souls,' thin, smoke-like wraiths of consciousness who live in a twilight of feeling, who try to get close to one another because in kinship of nature alone they can enjoy satisfaction.

The Van Lowes have a double strain of race; in them there mingles the cool, steady Dutch blood and the hot, virile, sensuous taint of Javan Malay. This

blend, removed to the cold of a land whose climate depends on the winds that sweep the North Sea, attains there to a sensitiveness that is like a sixth sense. The Van Lowes are almost all neurotic, providing examples of many modern nervous affections. Among them senility always accompanies old age, fears haunt middle life, children appear who cannot feed themselves, who cannot learn to read, abnormal sex attractions are not unknown, lustful health in one coincides with deadly nerve failure ending in suicide; one brother has the horror of dirt that incapacitates, another artistic susceptibilities that produce hallucinations. So far it is a masterly study of nervous pathology.

The younger generations are overshadowed by a past which the old cannot forget. Both correspond badly to the physical environment which they yet feel intensely. On the other hand, these people are alive where most of us are dead. They feel the atmosphere of houses and rooms, they sense the coming events, especially of sorrow; above all, they can follow the changes in each other's consciousness with uncanny witchcraft. One of them, Dr. Adriaan, has that sure knowledge of the interior lives of others which produces the healer and savior. He fails only in regard to himself when he marries. And here, in the introduction of a crudely healthy woman into this family of sensitives, M. Couperus rises to the full height of his great powers. Mathilde would have been happy with simple people, for she is good — for simple animal life. With Dr. Adriaan she suffers and in the suffering awakes to the possibility of a world which yet she cannot enter. She beats at the walls where her husband lives with his family; they, too, beat at this barrier of temperament. But it stands.

These books must needs arouse in

one a strange doubt. It is one that has been provoked before by certain passages in the life of Dostoievsky. And it is a question that will have to be faced some day and perhaps very soon. For it is impossible not to ask one's self, when one faces these new temperaments that are appearing among the most advanced peoples, whether any further development of human capacity is possible save at the cost of what we are wont to call sanity? Can we live in two worlds, of the body and the soul, can we be physically sound and yet get close to that knowledge of the reality of being which is now purchased by nervous temperaments at such a terrible cost? In the moment before a fit of epilepsy Dostoievsky had amazing realizations of the unity and meaning of life: this Dr. Adriaan, sprung from a race sensitive to madness almost, had a knowledge which he calls sacred of how to reach the secret of personality and to heal it by the laying on of hands. He had, that is, direct knowledge, and he was strong and sane everywhere except in his own life.

Dr. Adriaan fails because he allowed a healthy materialism to guide him in the choice of a mother for his children. He fails because he tries to make the best of both worlds instead of, as a sensitive, trusting himself to what Quakers call the Inner Light. For here in these novels is the Inner Light, but one that causes, not guidance only, but pain, wandering, agony.

Louis Couperus is a great writer; probably one of the greatest writers of the new time. As an artist he is a fine maker of pictures, particularly of atmospheric effects: of the great clouds of Holland hanging over these small and tortured lives; of still, lamplit rooms in an old house where fear reigns because the past cannot die and because family love is a thing to dread, inasmuch as it means that everyone

within the circle of it feels every quiver of sensation that touches the inner being of each and all. And the Van Lowe family not only hear each other's heart-beats, but are somehow aware of the rhythms of hearts that have long been dead.

The dialogue of these books has escaped every tinge of literary form because its utter simplicity reflects the sincerity of great moments. The last

chapter in *Dr. Adriaan* where husband and wife part, moves in a world where spiritual values alone are real. Just read it and consider how the ordinary novelist would have hammered again and again on the theme of sex possession.

The scene as Couperus sees it belongs to the drama foretold by Maeterlinck, where all the events take place in the soul.

ANADYOMENE

BY WILLOUGHBY WEAVING

Filled with stars are the hazy branches,
 With pale bright beauty the full moon blanches
 The waving leaves, as she flyeth naked
 From cloud to cloud in her shy distress
 So flyeth from dream to dream, unslaked
 In my heart thy innocent loveliness.

[*The Poetry Review*]

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

BY L. M. PRIEST

He said, 'I will live here no more!
No more, lest I hear again
These small footsteps a-walking —
Soft, soft, as the rain;
The big house is filled with voices,
Light footsteps fill the rooms —
And I know not which are the saddest,
Still dawns or the haunted glooms
Of the dusk. Like sparrows twittering
The voices whisper and thrill
'Mid the dusks that are haunted for
ever
In the house on Heartbreak Hill.

'Alone in the shades . . . with re-
membrance!
Shrill whisperings fill the house;
And the wind, like a thing a-weary,
Sleeps 'mid the cedar boughs.
Laughter . . . voices . . . footsteps . . .
They're louder far to me,
These sounds that are stiller than
silence,
Than the roaring of the sea.

'Ah! I will go and call them . . .
"Peter! . . . John! . . . Are you there?"
Only a gossamer laughter
Drifts down the darkened stair . . .
Drifts and dies; and rustlings
Of scurrying footsteps fill
With a dark and dreadful sadness
The house on Heartbreak Hill.

'I follow . . . we play in the darkness,
Peter and John and I,
Hide-and-seek . . . In the darkness
Scurry of feet goes by;
The wind of their flying footsteps
Stirs in my hair, and shrill
Their ghostly laughter mocks me
In the house on Heartbreak Hill.

'Gone, gone . . . and calling in vain,
"John! . . . Peter!" I come once more
To my room; and a pool of twilight
Gathers about the floor.

'I will live here no more, I swear it!
And yet . . . when the dusk falls still,
Will the voices, the footsteps, lure me
To the house on Heartbreak Hill?'

[*The Chapbook*]

THE FURROW END

BY C. W. SHEPHERD

The plough stands idle at the furrow
end,
Where Mullard left it but six days
ago;
And half a stubble field lies waiting
him
Who nevermore will either plough
or sow.
The meadow-sweet along the bank,
The honeysuckle in the lane,
May bloom and scent a thousand times
And he shall never come again.

The sun which glinted on the harness
brass,
As with his plough the autumn land
he broke,
To-day comes stealing through his
damson trees
And catches brass on well-planed
joiner's oak.
Where lavender and thyme perfume,
And bees go heedless through the
phlox,
There — on the cleanly red-brick
path —
Lies Mullard in his tapered box.

And green-black coats and collars
strangely white,
Drawn from the ancient dresser and
the chest,
Move in that apple-scented garden-
place
Which of all earth old Mullard loved
the best.
And now they bear him shoulder-high
To where in quiet lies his wife.
Dead kings with equal words are met.

I am the Resurrection and the Life.